

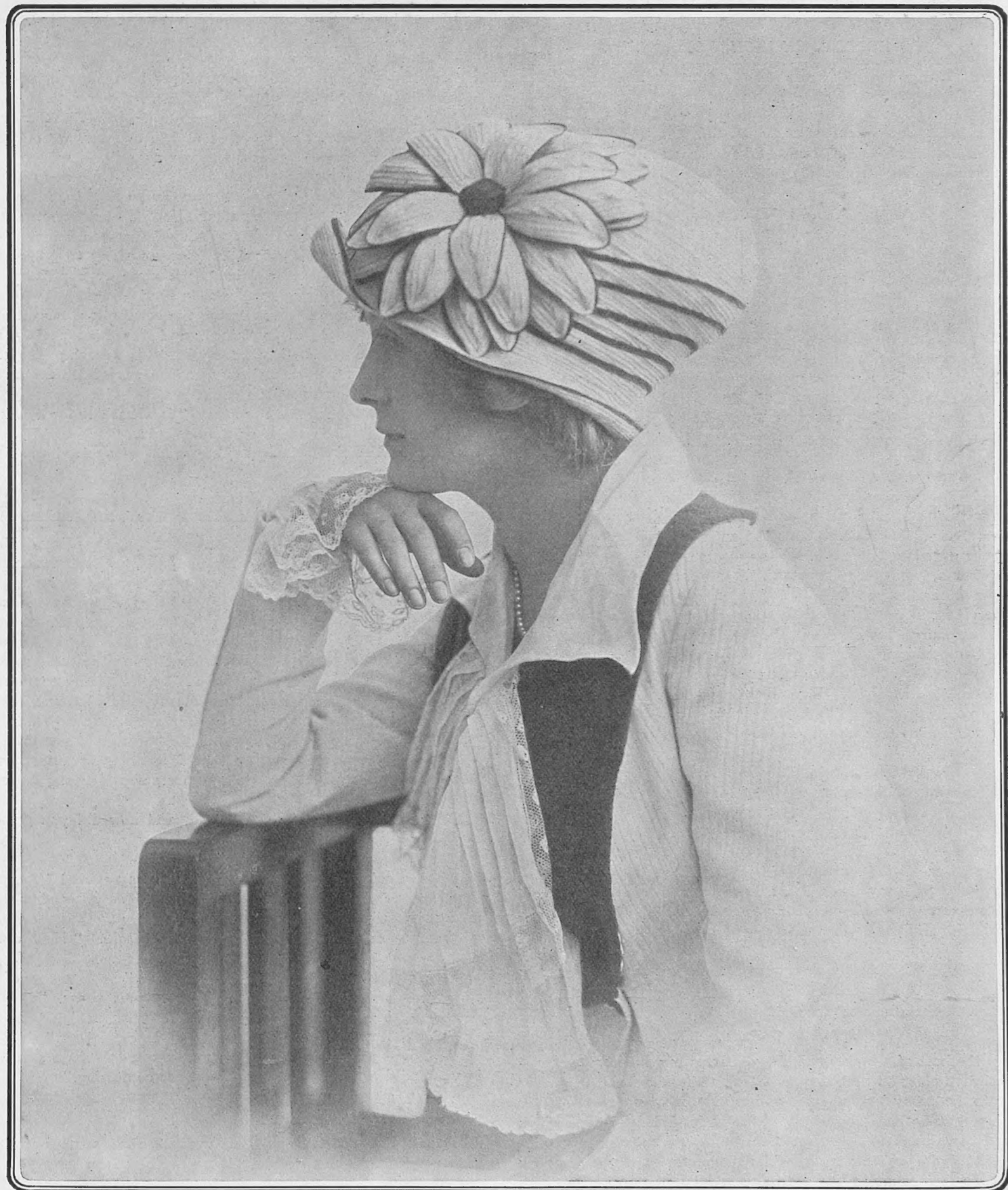
The Sketch

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No. 1012.—Vol. LXXVIII.

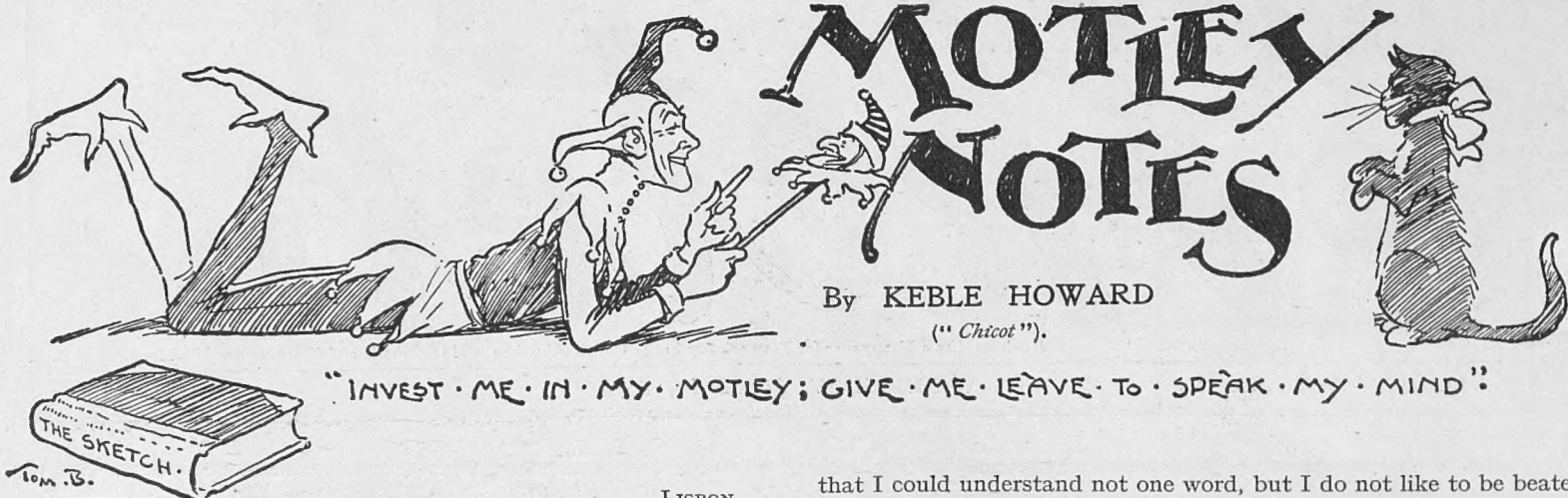
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1912.

ONE SHILLING.



The Sun-Flower.

Photograph of Miss Pauline Chase by Rita Martin.



TO EDITOR, *SKETCH*, LONDON.

(From Our Special Commissioner.)

SIR,—Consequent upon the recent important conferences in the Mediterranean, and in accordance with your instructions, I left Southampton on Tuesday last by R.M.S. *Tabanan*, bound for Gibraltar and the ports adjacent. I have now the honour to submit to you the first instalment of my report.

SOUTHAMPTON.

I am glad to report that I found all in order at Southampton. The docks appeared to be well cared for, and the officials on duty were calm and unruffled. Our departure was leisurely and dignified. Luncheon was served soon after the arrival of the boat-train, and I am glad to assure you that Your Commissioner, with whom forethought on these occasions has developed into a habit, took full advantage of the position of the vessel alongside the quay.

A slight delay in our departure was caused by a German gentleman, who, having written a last impassioned postcard to his wife after the removal of the gangway, threatened to hurl himself into the water unless the same was conveyed to the nearest pillar-box. Eventually, however, amidst the deafening cheers of the Local Agent, we drifted calmly into the Solent.

In addition to myself and the Postcard Fiend, I discovered that our passenger-list was made up of Dutch, French, English, Germans, Spanish, Swiss, Portuguese, Moorish, and Javanese. We can all speak our own language with varying degrees of fluency, including the stewards, who are Javanese. We communicate with the stewards either through the officers or by dumb show. I am glad to report that I am rapidly developing a latent gift for the dying art of pantomime. Hunger and thirst are good teachers.

On the first morning, for example, wishing to take my usual bath, I rang the bell. It was answered by my cabin-boy.

"Bath?" I inquired. He smiled delightedly.

"May I have a bath?" I persisted.

He nodded, disappeared, and returned an instant later, with an orange.

"No," I said. "Bath." To assist the simple statement, I waved my arms about rather wildly, the intention being to imitate one bathing.

"Yah!" he cried, disappeared again, and came back with a blanket.

"No," I said. "I am not cold. Wait a moment."

Springing from my bunk, I sat down on the floor of the cabin, and went through the motion of one sluicing himself with water. I took great pains over the matter, and I really think it was well done.

"Yah! Yah!" he cried, and ran off. In less than two minutes he was back with a live hen.

THE MALAY SERVANT.

That is the best of a Malay servant, so far as my experience goes—he is always cheerful and always willing to take pains. He never seems to be sulky or out of temper. He may not know one's language, but he has the gift of sympathetic understanding, which is far more valuable in a servant than the mere faculty of talking.

Whilst I am on this topic of language, Sir, perhaps you will permit me to recount to you a trifling incident that occurred some two days out from Southampton. I was sitting on deck. Near me were a French gentleman and his wife. To me came a member of the ship's staff, carrying a large linen bag. He addressed me, easily and quickly, in the Dutch language. I am ashamed to say

that I could understand not one word, but I do not like to be beaten by such trifles. I studied the man and the bag he was carrying.

"I have it!" I cried to myself. "That is undoubtedly a washing-bag. He wishes to know whether I have anything for the laundry." Having nothing for the laundry, I shook my head.

The official now approached the French couple, and addressed them, too, in Dutch. They stared at one another, without hope. Here was my chance to perform a kindly act.

"He wishes to know," I explained, "if you have any washing."

They thanked me for my courtesy, and the lady, followed by the official, went down to the cabin. Here, as I afterwards learnt, she produced a heap of soiled garments for the laundry. The official, to her surprise, refused to have anything to do with the washing. The more she explained, the more he explained. The more she urged, the more he shook his head.

A kindly Dutch lady, overhearing the commotion, tapped at the door. The official again explained, and the French lady again explained. (The Dutch lady knew plenty of French.) No sooner had she heard both explanations than she hurled herself on to a bunk in a condition almost hysterical.

"That man," she managed to gasp, "is not asking for washing!"

"No?" screamed the poor French lady.

"No, Madam! He is selling cigars!" (I avoided the French couple for some hours.)

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

I have to report, Sir, that the Bay of Biscay is still the Bay of Biscay. The month, as you are aware, is June, but the Bay is sometimes the Bay even in June. In matters of national emergency, one's personal feelings must be, are, and shall be set at naught. None the less, writing as a poor sailor, I may be allowed to claim some small credit for my behaviour in the Bay. Very adroitly, as I claim, I avoided any suspicion of lack of dignity. During the whole of that long day, I remained in my bunk. I took a little nourishment, I thought of home, and remained in my bunk. Going on deck next morning, I tried to assume a jaunty air, as who should say, "No. It is true that you saw nothing of me all day yesterday, but do not run off with the notion that I was ill. On the contrary, being a little fatigued, I seized the opportunity of a long day's rest. That is all."

The first man I met said: "Well, and how did you get on in the Bay?"

"Splendidly, thanks. How did you?"

"Don't ask me! I never moved out of my cabin!"

"Really? Well, perhaps you were wise. Very few of us showed up for meals."

Another man came up. "Hallo!" he said. "How did you stand the Bay?"

"Never felt fitter in my life. And you?"

"Don't ask! I've crossed the Bay eight times, but yesterday—!"

"Ah! I noticed you didn't show up in the saloon."

And so it went on. The moral of that is, "Keep a still tongue in your head and let the next man do the confessing."

LISBON.

I can only hope, Sir, that you will overlook these somewhat flippant passages in my report, setting them down to the strength of the sea air acting on a constitution enfeebled by much serious grappling with the affairs of State. In my next despatch, I shall endeavour to show you that Lisbon is ripe for another Revolution. Grave words, Sir, but I shall try to justify them.—Your obedient Servant.

THE WEB OF BEAUTY: NET RESULTS OF FASHION.



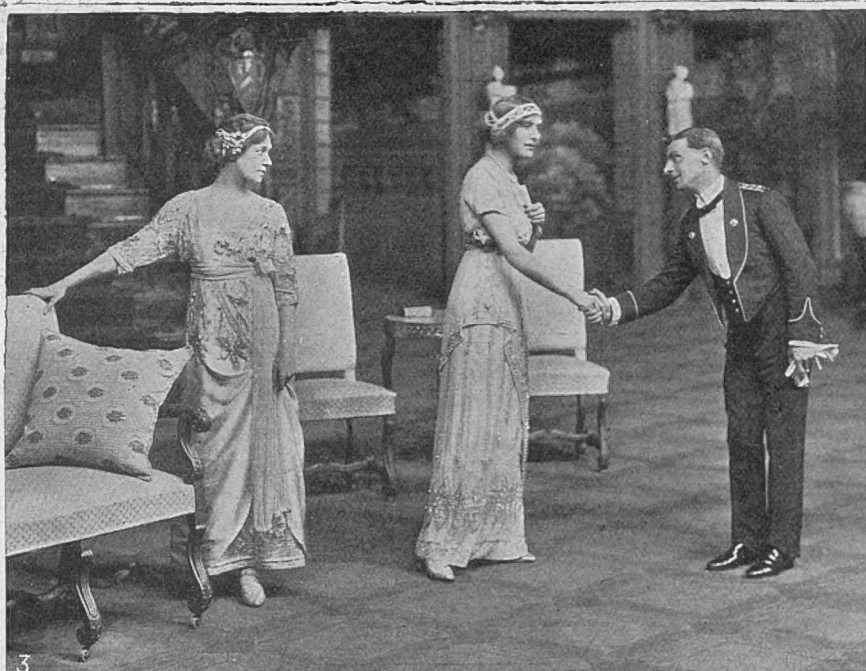
1. A VEIL EFFECT: MISS MARY GARDEN, THE FAMOUS OPERA-SINGER.

2. OPEN WORK! THE SILK STOCKING IN ITS LATEST FORM.

Only the other day we published a drawing showing the strange effect of a lady's veil. Here, by way of sequel, we give a photograph of another veil, one worn by a person no less charming than Miss Mary Garden, who has won much fame in grand opera. Added to this, we give a photograph of the open-work stocking in its latest form.—[Photographs by G. G. Bain and C. Delius.]

THE GROCER IN COMMAND: A REIGN OF "TERROR."

"AUTUMN MANŒUVRES," AT THE ADELPHI,



1. IN THEIR COUNTRY FROCKS: THE LADIES OF ALIX LUTTRELL'S HOUSE-PARTY DISCUSS THE ADVENT OF THE OFFICERS.

2. MR. ROBERT EVETT
AS CAPTAIN FRANK
FALCONER (REGULAR).

3. CAPTAIN WITHERS TURNS UP AT ALIX'S DANCE IN PLACE OF CAPTAIN FALCONER;
MISS GRACIE LEIGH AS LADY LARKINS, MISS PHYLLYS LE GRAND AS ALIX
LUTTRELL, AND MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS CAPTAIN WITHERS.

4. MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT
AS CAPTAIN WITHERS
(TERRITORIAL).

5. MORE FROCKS: THE OFFICERS OF THE 12TH HUSSARS RAG CAPTAIN WITHERS AT ALIX LUTTRELL'S DANCE.

"Autumn Manœuvres," at the Adelphi, is a play with music rather than a musical play, and, as its title indicates, it has a military interest, the plot turning on certain social intrigues at a country house during manœuvres in which Regulars and Territorials are taking part. The humours of the piece are chiefly in the hands of Mr. Huntley Wright, as a little North-country grocer who is captain of a company of Broadshire "Terrors." In certainly military and Territorial circles, it has been said, some offence has been taken at alleged ridicule cast upon the service, but there seems to be little ground for taking seriously the comic incidents, which are really quite harmless. The piece is of Viennese origin, and was adapted by Mr. Henry Hamilton, with lyrics by Mr. Percy Greenbank. The music is bright and catchy.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE QUICK-CHANGE GARDEN-PARTY:

MME. ANNA PAVLOVA AT HOME AT HAMPSTEAD.



1. THE WIFE OF AN ARTIST WHO HAS PAINTED MME. PAVLOVA: MRS. JOHN LAVERY TALKING TO A FRIEND.
2. DANCING AT THEIR TEACHER'S GARDEN-PARTY: MME. PAVLOVA'S "NYMPHS."
3. AMONG THE GUESTS: THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND AND COUNT BENCKENDORFF, THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.
4. AMONG THE GUESTS: LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS (ON THE RIGHT).

5. DANCING ON THE LAWN: MME. PAVLOVA AND M. NOVIKOFF.
6. TAKING TEA: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND HIS DAUGHTER, MISS MARGERY MAUDE.
7. DANCING AT HER ENGLISH HOME: MME. PAVLOVA AND M. NOVIKOFF.
8. IN THE DRESS IN WHICH SHE RECEIVED HER GUESTS: MME. PAVLOVA.
9. THE HOSTESS AS DANCER: MME. PAVLOVA WITH M. NOVIKOFF.

Mme. Anna Pavlova, the famous Russian dancer, who is again appearing at the Palace, inaugurated her new English home at Hampstead by giving a garden-party there the other day. This might well be described as a quick-change garden-party, for not only did Mme. Pavlova change into classic dress during the afternoon and give one of her entrancing dances, but there were such surprises as some charming measures by children specially trained by Mme. Pavlova herself. The guests, who were many and distinguished, included the Russian Ambassador.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations, C.N., G.P.U., and Topical.]

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THE HILL AND THE WOOLSACK: HARROW SONGS AND HALDANE SCHEMES.

The Harrow School Songs.

The King and Queen at Harrow on Saturday were to hear some of the old school songs sung by five hundred of the boys and five hundred Old Harrovians. There must be nearly fifty thousand men scattered throughout the world who received their education at

the regular artillery, but no doubt in this matter his hand was forced by his party. No one can deny that in the Territorial army there is an excellent skeleton, and that all that is required is the flesh wherewith to clothe it. A great national emergency or universal service would give the Territorial army the officers and men which it requires. But this is the grave shortcoming of the force, that instead of being ready to meet Continental troops at the outbreak of a war, the shortest possible time for training an infantry soldier must elapse before it could take the field with a reasonable chance of success.

The National Reserve.

But if Lord Haldane must sometimes in his heart of hearts have felt disappointed at the apathy some counties have shown in recruiting the Territorials, he must have been very pleased at the success of his other scheme—the formation of a great body of veterans—a body which could take over at a minute's notice the garrison work of the whole of England, and set free every man of the Regulars and Territorials for despatch over seas, or concentration at tactical centres, ready to meet possible raids. The great parade in Hyde Park of the London Veterans was a supreme proof that naval and military service does not weary a man of serving his country, and that the thirty thousand London Veterans, all of whom have completed their service on board ship or with the colours, are ready and eager to serve their King once again in a militant capacity should a great emergency occur.

Uniform for the Veterans.

A chaplain of the National Reserve once again raises in print the question of a uniform for the National Reserve, and though, as an old soldier, I think that anything at all approaching a gaudy uniform would be out of place, I must confess that it grieved me to see on parade in Hyde Park men almost in rags, most of them wearing medals on their threadbare coats. I would suggest that a plain blue-serge suit and a plain yachting-cap should be the clothing to be worn at the annual inspection of the Reserve, and that any man who did not wish to buy these for himself should be entitled yearly to a free issue of these simple garments a fortnight before the day of the parade, and that they should become his property. It would give many worthy old soldiers a capital everyday suit.



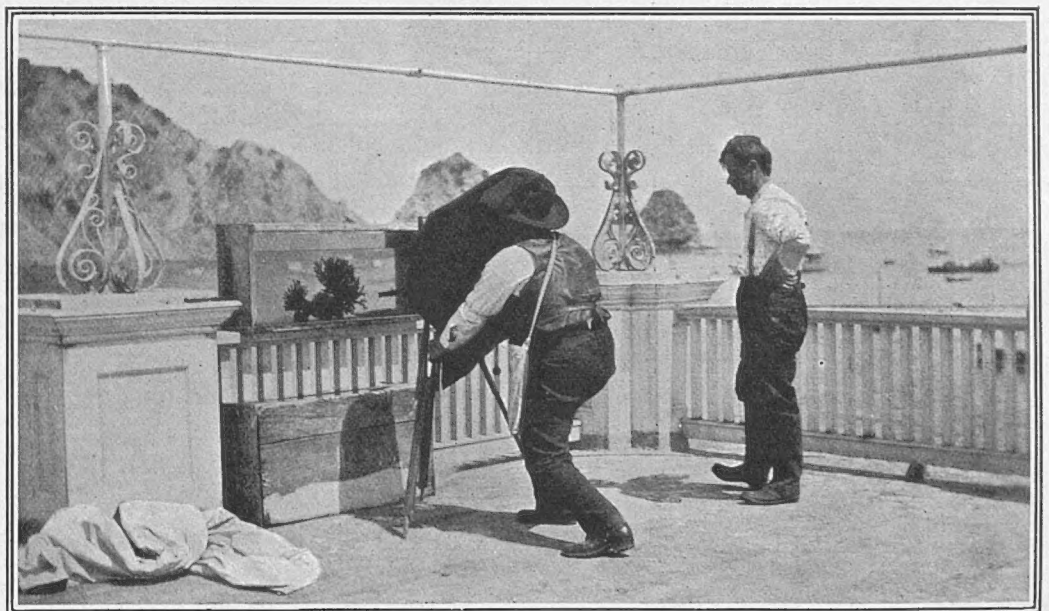
SPORT MADE POSSIBLE BY FRENCH PROTECTION: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO ON A HUNTING EXPEDITION NEAR FEZ.

Such expeditions as that illustrated were made possible for the Sultan only by French protection: before that the land was in too dangerous a state for him to venture abroad for pleasure. Now the Sultan has left Fez, apparently for good and all. It was said of him the other day, indeed, that his decision to abdicate, and General Lyautey's arrival at his northern capital, had released him practically from a state of servitude.

the School on the Hill, and each of them when he reads of the royal visit will wish that he had been amongst the five hundred Old Harrovians who helped the present boys to sing the old songs. The Latin song which was in the programme was composed before John Farmer, the music-master who made all Harrow musical, came to the school, but both "Queen Elizabeth sat one day" and "When Raleigh rose" were written by Mr. Bowen and composed by John Farmer. Both of these are very familiar to me, for the one was the first school song I learned at Harrow, and the other was the last one. Both of them deal with the founding of the school, and for that reason, no doubt, were selected in preference to the better-known "Forty Years On"—the best school song ever written—and "Willow the King"—the capital cricketing song of the school. The Welcome Song, written by the present music-master of Harrow, was composed for the visit of King Edward seven years ago.

The New Lord Chancellor.

All soldiers and ex-soldiers will wish well to Lord Haldane in the dignified ease which promotion to the Woolsack brings. When he first took up the post of War Minister he listened to everything that his advisers had to say, and was perfectly frank in telling all the officers with whom he came into contact that he was learning all he could from the experts. He has made a most gallant attempt to make the Territorial army all that he hoped it would be, and if in numbers and efficiency it has fallen short of his ideal, it is not from any lack of energy and enthusiasm on his part. He has scoured the country from end to end inspecting and speaking and giving away prizes. Soldiers will hardly forgive him for reducing the number of batteries of



"SUBMARINE" PHOTOGRAPHY: AN INGENIOUS DEVICE ON SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

Our correspondent writes: "An ingenious photographer, eager to supply souvenirs, had an aquarium built, with the unusual dimensions of 3 ft. by 14 in. by 6 in., and designed to stand on edge. In this were grouped rocks, living sea-moss and kelp, and a couple of fish, while sand and shells were spread on the bottom. The aquarium was placed in the sun and a canvas hung behind it; then the camera was advanced until the object was in focus, but the sides of the aquarium were out of range of the lens. When the finny specimens were artistically grouped, the bulb was pressed and a charming 'submarine' view was obtained."—[Photograph by Edholm.]



THOUGH Surrey House at Marble Arch has been "To Let" almost ever since the death of Lord Battersea, it is not by any means that "abomination of desolation" which a large uninhabited house in London usually becomes. The passion for

entertaining grows by what it feeds upon; and every season Surrey House comes more and more into demand for dances, and at a fee that, a few times repeated, sums up to what would be a satisfactory yearly rental. To old friends of the House before its Doomsday, these re-visits of an evening are not without a certain melancholy, and not all the arts of the temporary decorator, nor the abundance of flowers that transforms otherwise empty rooms into bowers, can compensate for the treasures, once familiar, now lost from its walls. Where Lord Ribblesdale used to admire the early Sargent picture of Spanish dancers, he stood the other night to look on the living dancers assembled in honour of his daughter, Miss Diana Lister. Youth

New wine may not go well in old bottles, but modern men fit very well into old masonry. Lord Curzon, even if his speech had dull periods, looked more than usually saint-like against stained glass, and Sir Henniker, himself the champion and patron of the occasion, has never looked more genially mighty. The crowd was great, and celebrities abounded, but no figure was more interesting than the extremely youthful one of Mr. Marconi, who provided one of many contrasts in extremes of antiquity and modernity. When, down curious wooden stairs, and along corridors strange and none too clean, one was led to the refreshment-room, it hardly mattered that others had been there before and eaten all the strawberries. The people were as interesting as the place, and one forgave them!

Old Rôles and New Readings. Miss Crossby's

engagement to Mr. William Vanneck brings, ultimately, another peerage into line—the American line. A daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Crossby, of New York, who was distinguished in diplomacy, poetry, and Socialism, Miss Crossby has something more than the social talents that are the usual equipment of the wife from the States. She would have created a part for herself in any environment, and, being cast for a Lady Huntingfield of the future, she will give character and distinction to the title. For a period of nearly a hundred years there have been only two Lady Huntingfields, and at present there is none, so that the part is not stale. Miss Crossby will have no need to complain with the lady from the ample West, who found she had no scope as a baron's wife because of "the family Dowagers and the English accent."

On the Telephone.

Among Americans at the Ritz is Mrs. Clarke, a Californian beauty, related by marriage to the Montana copper mines. After Paris and the dressmaker, and a journey to Calais in the special railway coach that idles in Europe on the chance of a flying call from a Clarke, she arrived in London to find a pile of invitations, including one to the 1812 Ball. Obeying an impulse to accept it, she was half-an-hour later conversing with her dressmaker—in Paris! The plebeian telephone was, for once, really useful, a way out of an apparently insuperable barrier to the ball, for Paris (they think in the States) is the only city in the world where one can obtain—an English gown for an English fête.



THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND AS A GRANDMOTHER: HER GRACE WITH HER DAUGHTER, LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS, AND HER GRANDSON, MASTER FRANCIS DAVID CHARTERIS.

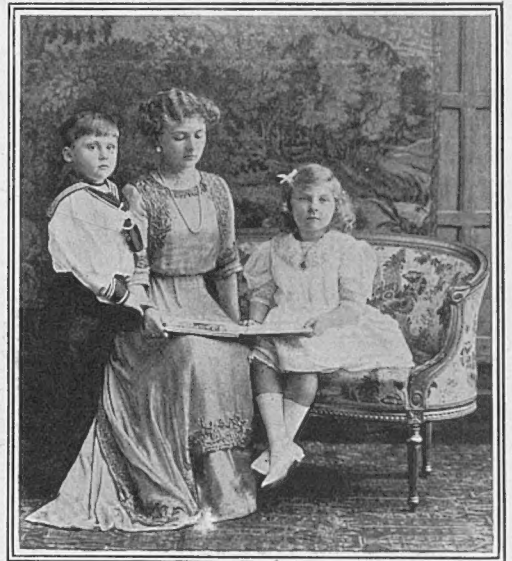
The marriage of Lady Violet Manners, second of the three daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and the Hon. Hugo Francis Charteris, eldest son of Lord Elcho, elder son of the Earl of Wemyss and March, took place last year.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

and Beauty never made a more wonderful display, even in the old days of entertaining at Surrey House; and people said that a certain arch young lady, whose coldness has earned for her the chaffing sobriquet of "The Marble Arch," seemed to be particularly at home in that famous vicinity.

Morris Novices.

After a somewhat tame experiment, the second Shakespearean flower ball at Earl's Court was brisker. The Duchess of Rutland and her party, and an effort on the part of the other hostesses, made the difference. Although many of the stray dancers eluded the formality of being received by the Duchess and her supporters, who patiently smiled on dozens of strangers, an atmosphere of friendliness grew with the night. A feature of the occasion was a thing abhorrent to most waltzers—an interruption in the form of a performance. Morris-dancers were ushered in, but within five minutes they had dispelled the distrust of the most intolerant of all audiences. After performing charmingly themselves, they took in hand the general company with such spirit and good-humour that in a moment the floor shook with the leaps and jerks of a crowd of novices. Lady Diana Manners and Lady Violet Charteris learnt their steps, or failed to learn them, with the rest.

Fruit and a Function. The Guildhall made an impressive site for the celebrations in Sir Henniker-Heaton's honour.



WITH HER TWO CHILDREN: PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK (PRINCESS ALICE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), WITH PRINCE RUPERT AND PRINCESS MAY.

Princess May was born in January 1906; Prince Rupert in August, 1907. Princess Alexander was married at Windsor in 1904. She was born in February 1883. Her husband is nine years her senior.

—[Photograph by Speaight.]



AT THE DANCE TO WHICH A PRINCESS RODE ON AN ELEPHANT, A DUCHESS AND A COUNTESS CAME IN GOLDEN CAGES: GUESTS AT THE "THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS' BALL" AT THE COUNTESS AYNARD DE CHABRILLAN'S.

Princess d'Arenberg rode to the ball on an elephant; while the Duchess de Clermont-Tonnerre and the Countess Stanislas de Castellane rode in gold cages. Above are Mlle. de Lévis-Mirepoix, the Marquise de St. Seine, the Countess de Chabrilan, the Marquise de Lévis-Mirepoix, the Countess de Pange, the Countess Charles de Lévis-Mirepoix, the Countess Guy de Lévis-Mirepoix, and the Countess de la Tour du Pin.

—[Photograph by O'Day.]

PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO.



LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN—FOR BEING THE AUTHOR OF THE CELTIC OPERA, "THE CHILDREN OF DON."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MISS GERTRUDE BLOMFIELD—FOR BEING CHOSEN TO SING THE PART OF THE GOD DON, IN "THE CHILDREN OF DON."

Photograph by Vandyk.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND—FOR SAYING, "I WANT A COTTAGE. THE OTHER MAN WANTS A CASTLE."

Photograph by Rita Martin.



MR. M. CUTHBERTSON—FOR LOOKING SO LADYLIKE AS IRIS CARTHROP IN "THE VEGETARIANS."

Photograph by Seatt and Wilkinson.



M. LÉON BAKST—FOR HIS SCENERY AND COSTUME-DESIGNS FOR THE RUSSIAN BALLET, AN EXHIBITION OF WHICH IS BEING HELD AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY.



MR. D. CARMICHAEL—FOR LOOKING SO LADYLIKE AS ETHEL MAINE IN "THE VEGETARIANS."

Photograph by Seatt and Wilkinson.



SIR PHILIP SASSOON—FOR BEING THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE HOUSE.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.



WILHELM VOIGT (THE CAPTAIN OF KÖPENICK)—FOR MORE KOPENICKING.

Photograph by Frankl.



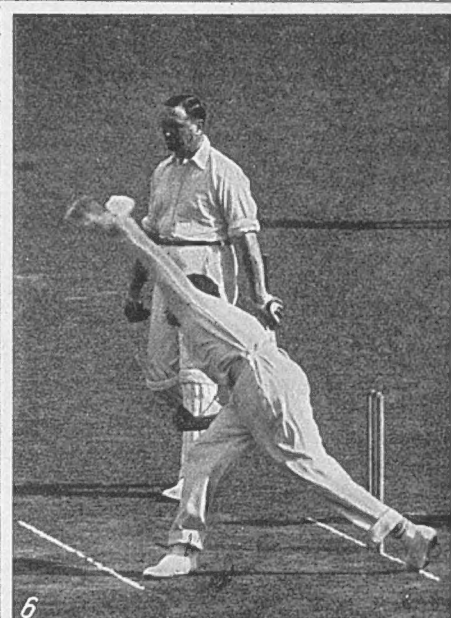
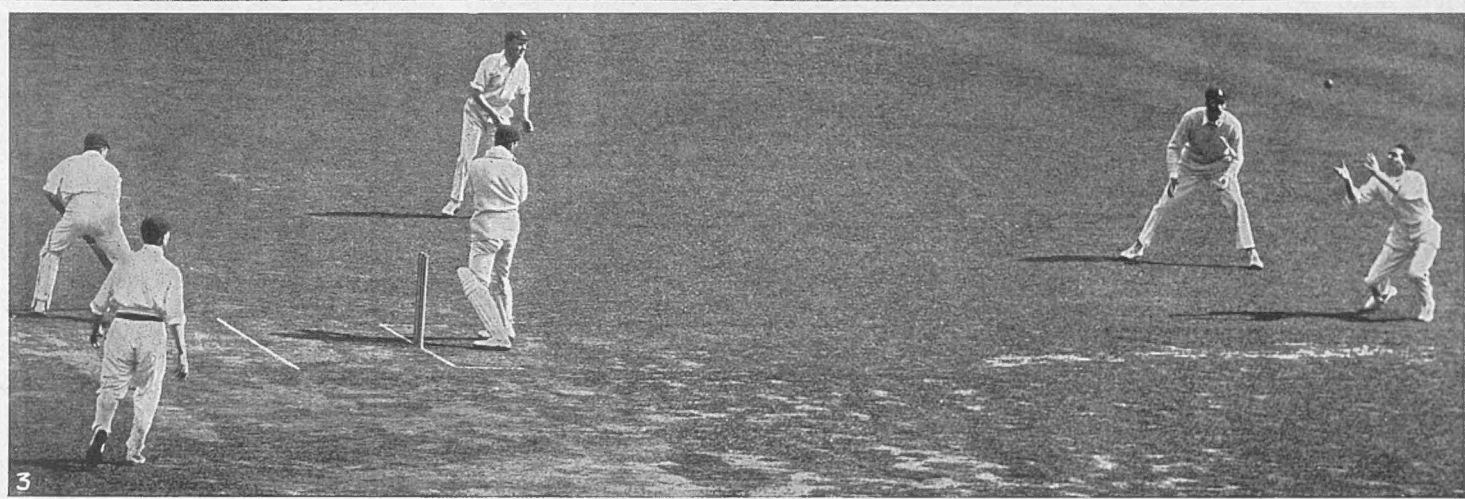
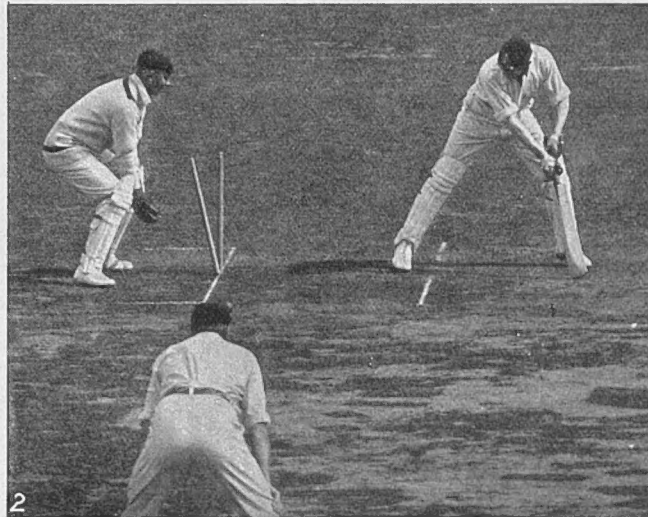
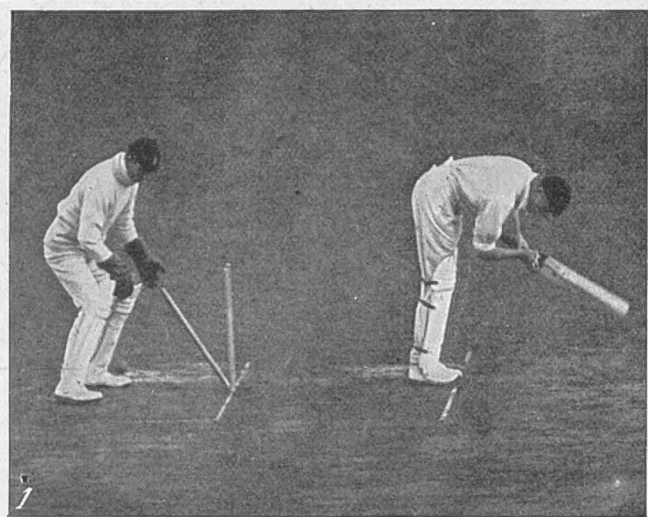
PROFESSOR METCHNIKOFF—FOR TRYING TO MAKE US LIVE FOR EVER.

Photograph by Manuel.

It was arranged that "The Children of Don," the music of which is by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, and the words by Lord Howard de Walden, should be given for the first time on Saturday last, the 15th, at the London Opera House.—Miss Gertrude Blomfield, who was chosen to play the part of Don in this new British opera, is the daughter of Mr. David S. Blomfield, Clerk to the Guardians of the township of South Manchester.—Addressing the Association of Teachers of Domestic Subjects recently, the Duchess of Sutherland said: "We are living in a most difficult age. Everybody wants something they have not got. I want a cottage. The other man wants a castle."—The Footlights Dramatic Club, of Cambridge, gave an excellent performance of the original "dietetic absurdity," "The Vegetarians," at the Court Theatre on the 13th. The piece is by Mr. H. Rottenburg; with music by Mr. J. W. Ivimey, B.Mus.; with extra numbers by Messrs. C. F. Smyly and Alan Murray, and extra lyrics by Messrs. James Heard and R. F. Patterson. The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Ivimey.—Sir Philip Sassoon, son of the previous member, who died recently, held Hythe for the Unionists at the bye-election of the other day with a majority of 1718.—Wilhelm Voigt, the cobbler responsible for the great Köpenick hoax, announced his own death, it was said, the other day, and was much interested in his obituaries.—It is reported that Professor Metchnikoff has discovered that senility is caused chiefly by intestinal bacteria, and that he has found that life may be prolonged by creating a sugar-producing centre in the large bowel, where the healthy and unhealthy microbes are continually fighting.

MORE DRAMATIC CRICKET: ENGLAND IN THE "TRIANGLE" TESTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ELEVEN AND OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN ELEVEN.



1. A DUCK'S EGG! C. P. CARTER (SOUTH AFRICA) BOWLED BY FOSTER.
2. OUT L.B.W. FOR 11: F. R. FOSTER'S WICKET TAKEN BY S. J. PEGLER (SOUTH AFRICA).
3. A DUCK'S EGG: G. P. D. HARTIGAN (SOUTH AFRICA), CAUGHT FOSTER, BOWLED BARNES.

4. FIVE FOR TWENTY-FIVE IN THE FIRST INNINGS: BARNES (ENGLAND) BOWLING.
5. OUT FOR 2: SMITH (E. J.) BOWLED BY S. J. PEGLER.
6. FIVE FOR SIXTEEN IN THE FIRST INNINGS: F. R. FOSTER (ENGLAND) BOWLING.

England won her first match in the triangular tests last week, South Africa losing by an innings and 62 runs. With regard to those shown on this page: C. P. Carter was bowled by Foster for a duck in South Africa's first innings, and made 27 not out in the second innings. In England's innings 15 runs were scored from his bowling. F. R. Foster scored 11 for England and took five wickets for 16 runs in South Africa's first innings, and three for 54 in the second innings. G. P. D. Hartigan (caught Foster, bowled Barnes) made a duck in the first innings, and 1 in the second innings, when he was bowled by Foster. Barnes took five wickets for 25 in South Africa's first innings, and six for 85 in the second innings. Smith (E. J.) made 2 in England's innings.—[Photographs by C.N.]

COURTIERS OF KING WILLOW AT LORD'S:

AMONG THE HEROES.



A DAY AT THE TEST MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SOUTH AFRICA:

SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

As we note elsewhere, under some photographs of the play, South Africa lost to England by an innings and sixty-two runs.



THE HEALTHIEST DRAMA IN THE WORLD: THE IRISH PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

The Irish Theatre.

The visit of the Irish National Theatre Society to London is now recognised by the critical as one of the really important events of the theatrical season. Within the memory of the present generation there was a time when the efforts of these enthusiasts were a little trying in their crudity, and though I was sympathetic with the new movement, I have fading memories of very vain efforts to represent ambitious tragedies. During late years we have seen admirable performances of the healthiest drama in the world. I do not mean healthiest in the sense in which a Lord Chamberlain would use the term—and yet the Irish Theatre takes little interest in sexual questions—but “healthiest” because one sees a young living drama due to a national impulse. Of course, the Irish dramatists, so far as form and technique are concerned, are not entirely original, but their merit is that, using the modern dramatic formulæ, they have produced a host of plays and characters drawn not from the theatre, but from real life. Already during this year we have had the beautiful little pathetic tragedy “Kathleen Ni Houlihan” of Mr. Yeats, the vastly amusing farce called “The Jackdaw,” by Lady Gregory, the clever, grim comedy named “Patriots,” of which Mr. Lennox Robinson is the author, and “The Playboy of the Western World,” by J. M. Synge, now accepted as a masterpiece: and all of them admirably performed by a company the members of which play together unselfishly, and also possess individual brilliance.

The Origin of the Theatre.

The beginnings of the Irish Theatre. I am a little proud to say, can be traced in part to English energy. The Independent Theatre Society stirred up George Moore to an effort as playwright, hence “The Strike at Arlingford” in 1893, and he was one of those busied in the new movement. Miss Horniman, in 1894, presented two plays by Irishmen—“Arms and the Man,” with the awe-inspiring signature, “G.B.S.,” and “The Land of Heart’s Desire,” of which Mr. Yeats is the author (and he, of course, is one of the chief of the conspirators); and in 1899 we had a clever play at Terry’s, “The Heather Field,” by Edward Martyn—and he was a valuable element in the movement. However, I am not writing history, nor disputing Ireland’s claim to Irish drama; possibly one of these statements is not wholly correct. Who are the dramatists of the Irish Theatre? First, everyone will name J. M. Synge, who died too young—a truly original writer, poet, and also author of audacious, rollicking farce; in the opinion of some, the most brilliantly original British dramatist of modern times. W. B. Yeats is also a real poet, and capable of writing a lively piece of fun like “A Pot of Broth,” for a long

time the stock farce of the Society. Lady Gregory the English playgoers only know by her delightful farces: “Spreading the News,” “The Workhouse Ward,” “Hyacinth Halvey,” “The Full Moon,” and others, every one of them rich in character and humour; but English readers are acquainted with her tragedies: “Devorgilla,” the most notable, and “Grania” and “Kincora.” There is the curious, instructive fact that all these writers have two very different strings to their lyre. Then there are Mr. Lennox Robinson, manager to the company, with “Harvest” and “Patriots” to his credit and a grim little tragedy called “The Clancy Name”; William Boyle, author of “The Mineral Workers” and “The Building Fund”; St. John Ervine, who has written “Mixed Marriage”; and T. C. Murray and G. M. J. Ray. This is no space for an examination or comparison of their work; the important fact is that, as a group, they, like the English revolutionaries, have turned their backs upon the stock-pot of the theatre and gone to the life that they know and the people with whom they are acquainted, or to the living legends of their country, for their subjects and characters.



IN MISS IDA CRISPI'S PLACE FOR A TIME AT THE EMPIRE: MISS UNITY MORE. Miss More, already popular in the Empire Revue, “Everybody’s Doing It,” is playing and dancing Miss Ida Crispi’s parts in that merry production, Miss Crispi being ill. In due course, Miss Crispi will return.—[Photograph by Hoppe.]

The Players.

What would have been the use of all these dramas if the players had been lacking? Much use from one point of view, since many of the plays can be read at leisure and with profit; still, little use to the playhouse. The works would not have been really acted if they had not provoked the supply of native players. It is the boast of the Society that almost every member of the company has been trained by or for it. If Ireland had not supplied her own actors and actresses her theatre would have been dead long ago, except as a literary movement. Fortunately, the supply really met the demand, and anybody who is wise enough to go to the Court Theatre this season can verify this statement. There is a body of players, small in numbers, able to represent admirably poetic drama or mad farce, the members of which work together so well that each seems oblivious of the thought of individual triumph. This year, no doubt, the company has sustained a loss—temporary, I hope—in the withdrawal of Miss Maire O’Neill; but Miss Eithne Magee took her place successfully in “The Playboy,” and the company still has Miss Sara Allgood, its admirable leading lady, tragic actress, and broad comedian; and Mr. Fred O’Donovan, sometimes romantic Irish chieftain, and at others deliciously comic peasant; and the inimitable Arthur Sinclair, and the unobtrusive and always lifelike J. A. O’Rourke, and half-a-dozen others, with whom I am unable to deal individually. A last word—they do not need or use expensive scenery.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



DICKENS AT HIS MAJESTY'S: SIR HERBERT TREE AS FAGIN AND MR. LYN HARDING AS BILL SIKES IN THE REVIVAL OF “OLIVER TWIST.”

BY AN ARTIST IN "THE CURVES OF FEMININITY."

SOME COSTUME DESIGNS BY M. LÉON BAKST, EXHIBITED AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

1. A DESIGN THAT "CLOTHES A MOVEMENT, NOT A MANNIKIN";
LA FIANCÉE IN "LE DIEU BLEU."

2. BY A MASTER OF RHYTHMIC MOVEMENT: LE FIANCÉ IN "LE DIEU BLEU."

3. EGYPTIAN MOTIVES EXPRESSED IN COSTUME: A BACCHANAL IN
"CLÉOPATRE."4. "THE VALUE OF CERTAIN CURVES OF THE FEMALE BODY"; ALMÉE
IN "SCHEHERAZADE."

A most interesting exhibition of original drawings by M. Léon Bakst, the famous designer of ballet costumes and scenery, has been brought together in the Fine Art Society's rooms at 148, New Bond Street. M. Bakst's work in connection with the Russian Ballet—as, of course, is well known—made a revolution in stage decoration. "It has been aptly said," writes Mr. Huntly Carter in a prefatory note to the exhibition catalogue, "that he clothes a movement, not a mannikin. He uses the supple movements of the dancer's body and the fluid lines of her drapery symbolically. . . M. Bakst is a master of suggestion. . . Examples of his power of suggestion may be found in his designs for 'Scheherazade' and 'Cléopâtre.' . . A strong artistic temperament, perhaps, reveals itself most markedly in his feeling for tactile values—in M. Bakst's case, the values of the curves of femininity."

CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

WE are in the height of the season, and an observer says that the clothes of well-dressed persons seem to grow more sombre every year. "Well-dressed persons," you will note. This is a nasty one for Percy and the Nuts.

Miss Cox, who is probably some person in authority, remarked at the Head-Teachers' Conference that no man, however good he may be, understands girls. Exactly so. And the gooder he is the less he understands about them.

There are times when an informing paragraph in the papers pulls you up with a round turn. WHAT is the "larval arrestation of the axolotl"? The policeman's boots seem to glimmer through it, somehow.

Our friend "Mayfair" lays it down that spats ought not to be worn, as they tend to call attention to the feet, which is not good form. That is why when you see a Nut coming towards you arrayed in white spats and gamboge wash-leather gloves, he appears to be all hoofs and paws.



There is a cinematograph film which shows a drama acted by Russian stag-beetles, and we are asked to look upon the beetles as something marvellous. Not at all. If one beetle won't act, the stage-manager just stamps on him and picks up another. Any stage-manager will tell you that if he might only stamp on his actors and actresses there would not be half the indifferent acting that we now see in the theatre.

For centuries the common house broom has been held up to us as the emblem of cleanliness, and now an iconoclast comes along and says that it is the habitation and breeding-place of whole colonies of bacteria. This is a crumbling world, my brothers, and the old beliefs are passing away.



THE SCIENTIFIC GARDENER.

(Chloroform and high-frequency electric currents are the modern stimulants by which the scientific gardener attempts to improve on Nature.)

The scientific gardener's a knowledgeable man,
He rears his plants and flowers on a new and novel plan;
He stands no rot from fuchsias,
and he takes no lip from pinks,

For he's master of the mystery which the schoolboys know as "stinks."
So, if his flowers are drooping, or his champion blooms complain
Of too much heat or too much cold, of too much sun or rain,
He makes them think the summer-time is always bright and warm
By dexterously administering a dose of chloroform.

The nitrates and the phosphates now have had their little day,
The modern horticulturist has got a better way;
Manure is out of fashion, and no benefits accrue
From the old-world garden stimulants of Chile and Peru.
For when sweet peas and hollyhocks, the lily and the rose,
Develop under chloroform a tendency to doze,
The scientific gardener, if he's truly orthodox,
Will stir them into blossom by severe electric shocks.

Mr. Zancig says that all men have an "aura" by which they may be judged and criticised, and he further says that the "aura"

of most politicians is blue. A very suitable colour, too, but it is not half so blue as the "aura" of the victims of some of them.



Poesy from France fell a victim to Driscoll in the match at the National Sporting Club. That comes from not paying attention to Mr. Justice Darling's ruling that poetry is at a discount in this country just now.

THE PAYING GUEST.

("Society lady (titled) giving a dance shortly would include in her invitations a few men of good social standing. For terms, apply, etc."—Advertisement.)

("Titled")! That sounds very well,
Though an Ad. doesn't match the behaviour
You'd expect from a terrible swell
In the tents of Mayfair or Belgravia.

It may be her rank is all right,
Though of titles there's such a variety
That she may be the spouse of a knight,
And in North Kensingtonian Society.

"Terms"? In the past men have knocked
At the doors of a proud aristocracy
In vain. Are those portals unlocked.
To-day for a gilded democracy?

Though when Labour for dinner is dressed,
It's more likely to show an anxiety
To go in the rôle of Paid Guest,
If it ever appears in Society.



"It is not covetousness," said a Mothers' Union speaker, "to desire a hat in a Bond Street shop window, so long as you intend to pay for it." Is this the sort of morality to preach at Mothers' Meetings? Very few shopkeepers will take intentions for cash.

Le Cant Britannique. A writer points out that for every narge of drunkenness in France there are 320 in England. The path of the man with vine-leaves in his hair is indeed made thorny in this country. In France they turn the blind eye.

Is a mild flirtation good for business people? Just put the question to an old lady while she is trying to buy a Bath-bun from a barmaid who is engaged in conversation with a real Sportiboy.

Circassian tribesmen have fixed the tax on bridegrooms

who marry a widow at £5 10s., and on those who marry a spinster at £11. So the Circassians are also among the nasty, cynical men who think that marrying a widow brings its own punishment.

You can get rid of your hay-fever by sitting in a cool, dark cellar for half-an-hour before breakfast every morning, and buttering your nose with vaseline. And then you can spend the rest of the day in trying to cure the resultant cold in your head.

What are we to call the ladies who have the right to put "M.D." after their names? "Doctor" is absurd, and some do not like "Doctress." Why not call them "Doctrix"? learned, and would of itself cure many small complaints.



THE DAFFODIL KING : THE FIRST LLOYD-GEORGIAN STAMP.



OFFERED TO A GRATEFUL GOVERNMENT AS A SUGGESTION: A NEW NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE ISSUE.

The stamps for National Health Insurance are now ready. The design includes the Crown, the Rose of England, the Thistle of Scotland, and Shamrock of Ireland; together with the Daffodil for Wales; the Serpent and the Bowl of Asclepius. We must confess that it is excellent, but we cannot for the life of us understand why there is no portrait of Mr. Lloyd George. Let us hope that the Board of Inland Revenue will remedy this omission in some manner akin to that shown.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph of Mr. Lloyd George by Beresford.

MORTAL COMBAT FOR CHARITY: FROM SWORD AND "THE DUEL THROUGHOUT THE AGES,"



1. SWORD AND SHIELD v. NET AND TRIDENT (A.D. 100): MR. ROHAN CLENSY v. MR. SHIEL BARRY.
2. THE GREAT AXE AND BASTARD SWORD: JACQUES DE LALAIN v. THOMAS QUÉ, AT BRUGES, 1445. (MESSRS. GUY LAKING AND FELIX JOUBERT.)
5. SWORD AND BUCKLER: SIEUR DE JARNAC v. THE LORD OF CHASTAIGNERAIE, AT ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, 1547 (MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE v. MR. ATHOL STEWART.)
7. THE FLAMBERGE (THE TRANSITION RAPIER): MLE. DE MAUPIN v. ALCIBIADE, LATE 17TH CENTURY (MISS MILLICENT HALL v. MR. GERALD AMES.)
8. THE FOIL: LA CHEVALIÈRE D'ÉON v. THE CHEVALIER DE MISS JULIA

A most interesting event took place at the St. James's Theatre last week, when the Actors' Sword Club gave a special matinée in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. This illustrated, by a series of admirably arranged fights, the duel throughout the ages, from the sword and shield versus net and trident of 100 A.D. to a German student duel of to-day and a modern French duel. The programme of the fights, it is interesting to note, was arranged by Mr. Gerald Ames, the well-known young actor who is

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When the Heavens are Full of Floating Mysteries.



"THE FIRST CLOUD."

FROM THE SALON PICTURE BY LUCIEN TANQUERAY.

FRESH AS THE DAINTIEST OF FLOWERS: LIPKOWSKA.



"SOME GLANCE OR STEP WHICH, AT THE MIRROR TRIED,
FIRST CHARMS HERSELF, THEN ALL THE WORLD BESIDE."

Photograph of Mlle. Lipkowska by the Dover Street Studios.

FAIR AS SUMMER'S FAIREST DAY: MONNA DELZA.



"THINE WAS A DANGEROUS GIFT, WHEN THOU WERT BORN,
THE GIFT OF BEAUTY."

Photograph of Mlle. Monna Delza by Talbot.

Lost in Her Own Web of Thought: the Day - Dreamer.



"... DREAMS IN THEIR DEVELOPMENT HAVE BREATH
AND TEARS, AND TORTURES, AND THE TOUCH OF JOY;
THEY LEAVE A WEIGHT UPON OUR WAKING THOUGHTS,

THEY TAKE A WEIGHT FROM OFF OUR WAKING TOILS;
THEY DO DIVIDE OUR BEING."

Photograph of Miss Le Gros by Foulsham and Banfield.

First Cousin to the Mermaids: The Sea-Flower.



"WHERE PEACEFUL SEAS,
FANN'D BY KIND ZEPHYRS, EVER KISS THE SHORE."

Photograph of Miss Sheila Hayes by Elwin Neame.

"What Masks, What Dances, to Wear Away This Long



1. "LES DANSEUSES": STATUETTES BY CARRIER-BELLEUSE AND CALVET.

2. MODELLED IN ANCIENT GREECE: TANAGRA FIGURES FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM, THE LOUVRE, AND THE BERLIN MUSEUM.

3. BY CARABIN: "DANSE BRETONNE."

4. A MASTER OF MUSIC: THE YOUNG MOZART—BY BARRIAS.

Age of Three Hours": From Tanagra to Tu=Tu=Land.



5. BY MONTICELLI: "DANSE LENTE."

6. A MISTRESS OF THE DANCE: "LA ESMERALDA"—
BY MARIOTON,

7. FROM THE LAND OF DANCE: "DANSE ESPAGNOLE"—

BY CAROLIN.

FROM ANCIENT VASES: DANCES OF OLD GREECE.



"Happy the Innocent": "Matinée de Septembre."



"... IN THE GAY SPRING OF LIFE
WHEN EVERY NOTE WAS AS THE MORNING LARK'S.

MERRY AND CHEERFUL, TO SALUTE THE MORN;
WHEN ALL THE DAY WAS MADE OF MELODY."

FROM THE SALON PICTURE BY PAUL CHABAS.

WHO SAYS "LOVE CANNOT DYE" ?



SHE: Would you love me better, dearest, if my hair were a different colour?

HE: Well, I don't know, darling. What other colours have you?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



TWO NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

LENT FOR THE VOYAGE.

By L. COPE CORNFORD.

"IT'S not safe," said the Dredging-Master. "What's more, I didn't sign on for to cross the ocean in a dredgin'-machine." He grasped his sandy beard and stared truculently at the Engineer, who preserved an immovable countenance.

"It's the orders," said the Engineer, who had served his time in the Navy.

"The stern casting won't stand the strain, and she rolls like a barrel," urged the Dredging-Master, looking to the Mate for support.

"You won't 'ave to," returned the Engineer placidly. "The captain of the *Galatea*, he's sending the carpenters aboard to make ready for sea, and an officer comes to take command."

"What in hell's the use of that, when we're goin' to the bottom?" retorted the Dredging-Master, looking to the Mate for support.

But the Mate, a dark and hairy Scot, with the secret, heavy eye of his race, appeared to be occupied in an abstruse mental calculation. When the Dredging-Master and the Engineer had left the cabin, Ah Sinn, the Chinese cook and mess-boy, stole to the back of the Mate's chair.

"How much you wanchee five piecee Chinamen go Shanghai?" whispered Ah Sinn.

"Two dollars each and find their own chow," replied the Mate instantly.

"Allee light, my think can do," said Ah Sinn, and vanished, having in these simple terms arranged in one masterly combination a cheap passage for his countrymen from Wei-hai-Wei to Shanghai, a perquisite for himself and a perquisite of two dollars per head for the Mate.

The Mate, having attired himself in fear-nought jacket and sea-boots, went on deck, where the Dredging-Master was gloomily contemplating his Majesty's ship *Galatea*, the first-class cruiser moored near by, whose implacable captain had ordered the *St. Enoch* dredger to sea. In the cruiser's ward-room the R.N.R. lieutenant was discussing the situation with the Sub-lieutenant.

"Not much of a treat to spend three days and more in that mud-hopper," said the R.N.R. lieutenant.

"Oh, I don't know," returned the Sub, with the optimism of youth. "Rather a chance to get to Shanghai. We shall never get there in the ship. She draws too much water for the Woosung bar. There's snipe and pheasant shooting up the Soochow Creek."

"Then you'd better ask for the job," said the R.N.R., who, having endured certain years in the P. and O. China trade, had no lust at all to visit Shanghai at the price of three days' navigation of a mud-dredger.

The Sub-lieutenant arrived on board the *St. Enoch* with a small contingent of seamen and stokers from the *Galatea*, a Chinese servant, a portmanteau, a beautiful gun-case, and stores various, including a basket packed with straw-covered bottles.

It was, perhaps, the appearance of these flagons which induced the Dredging-Master to dissemble his wrath when the Sub informed the three officers of the dredger that now and henceforth he was the captain of the ship. Also the Dredging-Master received an unaccountable impression that this suave young gentleman meant what he said.

The Sub surveyed his new command. The vessel was about 150 feet long. She was cloven through three parts of her length by the gulf through which the great steel dredger worked and the buckets were dipped to the sea-bottom. The buckets had been disconnected and were stowed in the after-holds, and the beam was triced close up, wedged tight with baulks of timber and lashed with chains. Ten tons of extra coal in bags were stacked along both sides of the deck.

"You are to be ready to weigh the anchor and go to sea at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. We shall be at sea for at least four days," said the Sub, and told off the three officers to their duties.

The Dredging-Master, seeing that his fate was upon him, retired to the cabin.

"What in hell can a brass-bound kid know about a dredger?" said the Dredging-Master.

The Engineer descended to the machinery-room, where he was king over four Chinese stokers, two boilers, and a fine installation of dredging and propelling engines.

"Quite like old times, it is," said the Engineer. "I run the ship, and the Executive gets the credit. Makes me feel quite young again. Fore Street, Devonport, when shall I see thee again?"

Perchance, no more. Hey, Ling Ti, our number one man him savvy-box blong proper, and you'll have to dig out, my son."

The Mate went forward to dispose of the cables. As he passed the galley, Ah Sinn looked out of the door.

"Five piecee man can do two dollar," said Ah Sinn, and the Mate nodded in silence.

At two o'clock on the following day, in a cloudless calm, the *St. Enoch* was pounding along at nearly her full speed of eight knots. Two miles ahead steamed her convoy, the *Galatea*. The Sub stood on the bridge of the *St. Enoch*, and beside him stood a chief petty officer from the cruiser. In the shelter of the headland, a fleet of junks lay huddled.

"Too fine to last," said the Dredging-Master. "Look at them Chinese fellers keeping under the point. They know what's coming."

"I'd best see about lashing things before dark," returned the Mate.

He turned in the boats and lashed them to bollards and ring-bolts. Then he beckoned to Ah Sinn. They peered over the hatch of the after-hold.

"Ah Sinn, tell the passengers I think perhaps plenty wind coming to-night."

The China boy screamed into the darkness of the hold, where the five-piecee Chinamen were packed among the buckets, and a confused, shrill chattering replied. It had scarcely ceased when the Sub-lieutenant descended the ladder and stood by the long well of the dredger-beam, in which the sea bubbled like a mill-slucice.

"Mr. McPhail, what happens here when the weather is rough and the sea begins to knock about?"

"Eh," returned the Mate, "ye'll not stand about this part of the dredger when it's rough. And I'm thinkin' we ought to be ready for a gale to-night," he added.

"Very well, Mr. McPhail. Make what arrangements you think fit."

It was about two o'clock in the morning when the Sub was awakened by the heavy thud of waves. Going on deck, he found the Mate rigging life-lines along the deck. Mr. McPhail explained that the rising sea broke upon the two-foot girdle of timber which protected the side of the dredger.

"When she dips her fender, it stops her dead," said the Mate cheerfully.

The Sub signalled to the *Galatea* that his speed had dropped to six knots, and returned to bed. But by this time every rivet was shrieking, the whole vessel creaked and groaned under the incessant pounding of the sea, the water fell on the deck like a shower of stones, and the Sub was flung from side to side of his berth. He put on oilskins and sea-boots and went on deck again, where, in the words of the Mate, hell was let loose.

The great dredger-beam tore at its lashings as the *St. Enoch* rolled thirty degrees each way, and the sea rose in pyramidal waves up through the well dividing the deck. As the Sub reached the bridge a solid green sea crashed over the bows, filling the lamp-room and the galley to the coamings. The Mate clawed his way along the life-lines and hauled Ah Sinn out of the flooded galley. The next big wave stove in the lamp-room door, and swept lamps, cans, and glasses clattering upon the deck. The piled coal-sacks loosened and fell away and began to go overboard.

The Mate, clutching Ah Sinn, struggled, waist-deep in rushing water, to the after-hold. They propped up the hatch, and Ah Sinn yelled into the hold. Up came five Chinamen, drenched, seasick and terrified, each hugging a soaked bundle, to be overwhelmed by a wave rising through the dredger-beam well. The Mate drove them forward, and, under the immediate fear of death, set them to lash up the diminishing stack of coal-sacks.

The Sub put the vessel's head to the sea, slowed down her engines, and waited for the day. As the light broadened over the waste of whitening sea, the *Galatea* came down to look at her convoy. The *St. Enoch*, rolling heavily and smothered in breaking water, was hardly advancing an inch. To the little figure in oilskins braced against the bridge-rail the *Galatea's* captain signalled: "I am going to take you in tow. Try to keep close under my stern while I send you a line."

The Sub did his best to obey orders, but, try as he might, the vessel fell off the wind first one way and then the other. The Dredging-Master contemplated these efforts with a profound and secret joy. Presently the Sub sacrificed his pride and bade the

[Continued overleaf.]

FROM OUR AGONY COLUMN.



"MISSING LINK. ABSENCE CAUSING SORROW. DON'T BE SELFISH. COME BACK AT ONCE."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

Master take charge. Here was a job the dredger-men understood. With the green seas sweeping from stem to stern, the vessel was held in her place, while the petty officer fished up the buoy dropped from the *Galatea*. To the buoy was attached a grass-line, to the grass-line a light rope, to the rope a heavier rope. All hands—seamen, stokers, and China boys—hauling these aboard, up came the great glistening eye of a six-inch steel hawser. Flung this way and that, now drowned in water, now emerging, the *St. Enoch's* crew made fast the hawser. The dredger dropped astern, the hawser tautened like a harp-string, and the *St. Enoch* was hauled bodily through the seas, pitching heavily and rolling forty degrees each way. So, all day and the following night.

Next day the wind and waves abated; they came to the mouth of the Yang-tse, where a pilot should have met them. But there was no pilot in all the wintry sea.

"Are you prepared to take the dredger to Shanghai?" asked the captain of the *Galatea*.

"Yes," signalled the Sub.

"This," said the Dredging-Master to the Engineer, "is the ruddy limit. There's no chart."

"The officer in charge," said the Engineer, "is responsible. You and me have to do the work—that's all."

The Sub felt his way up the river all that day; at night he

anchored and slept for twelve hours. Next day he went on, feeling his way until he came to the mouth of the Woosung River. Several steamers were waiting for pilots. The Sub ordered full steam ahead and followed a Japanese steamer up the centre of the channel, in a whirl of driving snow.

"It's dead against port orders," wailed the Dredging-Master, who, past all imprecation, was on the verge of tears.

The snow thickened, but the Sub held on astern of the Japanese steamer, and passed the Narrows, and wound through the shipping and dropped anchor off Shanghai abreast of his Britannic Majesty's ship *Hermione*.

The Captain of the Port, charged with fury, came off to demand what pilot had dared to bring this mud-barge into the sacred waters.

"This is a ship of war," said the Sub sweetly. "We don't carry a pilot, thank you."

The Captain of the Port, filled with amazement, departed whence he came.

The Sub hailed a sampan and fell into the arms of the ward-room officers of the *Hermione*.

The *St. Enoch*, brought to rest off the private dock, lay still, and the snow covered her.

This is a true story. It was told to me by one of the actors therein, and so I stole it.



THE CYNIC AND THE SIREN ❖ By F. HARRIS DEANS.



THE Cynic, who had been speaking earnestly for some moments, finally came to a stop and looked at the Siren expectantly.

"After all," she murmured dreamily, "what is Love?"

"Love," said the Cynic, taking his cue and becoming less natural and more like himself, "is a madness bordering on sanity."

"Oh, a madness, yes. What I meant was, is it a luxury or a necessity?"

"A luxury," mentioned the Cynic, "is something you can do without, if you've got it, and can't if you haven't. A necessity, on the other hand—" he hesitated.

"Yes?" said the Siren encouragingly.

"Well, a necessity is something you always have and never want."

"And what is Love?"

"Love?" repeated the Cynic vaguely. "Oh, Love—Love is a concrete name given to many abstract emotions. Sometimes it's the frame, and sometimes it's the picture; and sometimes it's just—a spasm round the heart."

"I'm afraid you really are a Cynic," said the Siren regretfully.

"A Cynic," said he gloomily, "is a man who knows everything, and understands nothing. Thank you."

"It was a bit mixed, your explanation," she went on, "but I think I understood you."

The Cynic appeared mildly surprised. "To be understood," he affirmed cheerfully, "is something towards being appreciated."

The Siren looked dubious, but natural kindness of disposition kept her silent. "How," she demanded presently, "can one be sure that one is in love?"

"That," sighed the Cynic, "is the eternal tragedy of life."

"That one can't be sure?"

"No, that one always is sure."

"I don't see that that's tragic," she protested.

"Ah, but it is. Though ignorance may be bliss, when it becomes knowledge it's tragedy."

"But knowledge," argued the Siren, "is happiness."

"A phrase," he sneered, "taught to cheerful fools by gloomy philosophers. The only wisdom is cheerfulness. A thing is what we think it. If I pick up a pebble and think it a diamond, to me it is a diamond. It mayn't scratch much glass, but it sparkles when I look at it."

"You're frightfully—what's the word?—enigmatical," said the Siren pathetically. "I wish you wouldn't be. You're so deep, it's like talking to a coal-mine."

"I've had complaints before," mentioned the Cynic, as if that were consolation. "But, then, truth doesn't lie on the surface of things."

"Truth," murmured the Siren, with the proud smile of one who has thought of what she is saying, "either bores or shocks one."

The Cynic eyed her disgustedly.

"You are one of those who would condense Life into an epigram. You might as well hope to turn a cow into a tin of condensed milk. An epigram is merely a nicely phrased generalisation."

"An epigram," amended the Siren, obviously pleased with her earlier effort, "is truth disguised as wit."

"The disguise is so often inadequate," complained the Cynic.

There was silence for a few moments.

"You haven't given me my answer yet," urged the man, who was sometimes the Cynic.

"I'm trying to think of it," answered the woman, who was always the Siren.

"If one only knew what Love was!" said the Siren plaintively.

"Does it lead to a union of hearts or a dissolution of marriage?"

"Neither," replied the Cynic. "Love is a footpath leading to everywhere; or, if you prefer it, it's a porchway leading to a house that's just as big as you think it is."

"For a beginner," said the Siren distrustfully, "you talk with a good deal of authority."

"Love," he explained, "differs in that respect from other Sciences. We begin as experts and wind up as novices. We fly before we are fledged, full-feathered we crawl back into our shell. Experience, instead of teaching us, robs us of our knowledge. The more we learn the less we know. We start by writing books, and finish up never having learned how to read."

"You mean, then," said the Siren, to whom Love was an Art and not a Science, "that you don't really know anything about Love?"

"On the contrary," said the Cynic patiently, "I have just been to some trouble to explain to you that I know everything."

"H'm," said the Siren doubtfully. "Well, let's take Marriage."

"Had we got as far as Marriage?" she broke off to inquire.

"Well, anyhow, Marriage is akin to Love, and we'd got to that."

"Some people say Marriage means taking from both and giving to neither; halving one's joys and doubling one's sorrows. Of course, that's the selfish point of view," she admitted.

"From any point of view," said the Cynic, "Marriage is selfish. Both parties receive so much and give so little."

"H'm," said the Siren. "Don't you think," she mused parenthetically, "that it's nobler to receive than to give?"

"Decidedly; every day the idea is gaining ground that ingratitude for benefits received is independence."

"They say," resumed the Siren reflectively, "that Marriages are made in Heaven; I'm afraid they're mostly made for export, though."

"On the contrary," objected the Cynic, "all true Marriages are lived in Heaven."

"But Marriage is so—so definite," she said nervously; "one word, and snap—it's just a trap."

"Quite as often it's the bait."

"Do you think so? Why is it people do marry?"

"The modern girl," said the Cynic, living up to his reputation, "appears to marry because she wants to learn how to cook; the young man because he's afraid of his landlady."

"No, but seriously."

"Seriously, the woman marries because she wants to be taken care of, and the man that he may have somebody to respect him. They are both doomed to disappointment; in a few months it's the man who gets taken care of, and the woman who gets the respect."

"Do you mean," demanded the Siren, "that a woman never respects her husband?"

"Not if she loves him."

"Not?" Her voice became almost shrill. "Not, did you say?"

"Yes. A woman may sometimes love, or sometimes respect her husband, but she can't do both. It is weakness we love, strength we only respect. It is one of the compensations of Nature that the weakling should lose everything in the fight of Life—except the one thing worth winning. The strong man may found a Nation, but not a family: may defend a million hearths, but never one of his own. To one, the sweetness of defeat; to the other, the bitterness of victory."

There was silence for a moment.

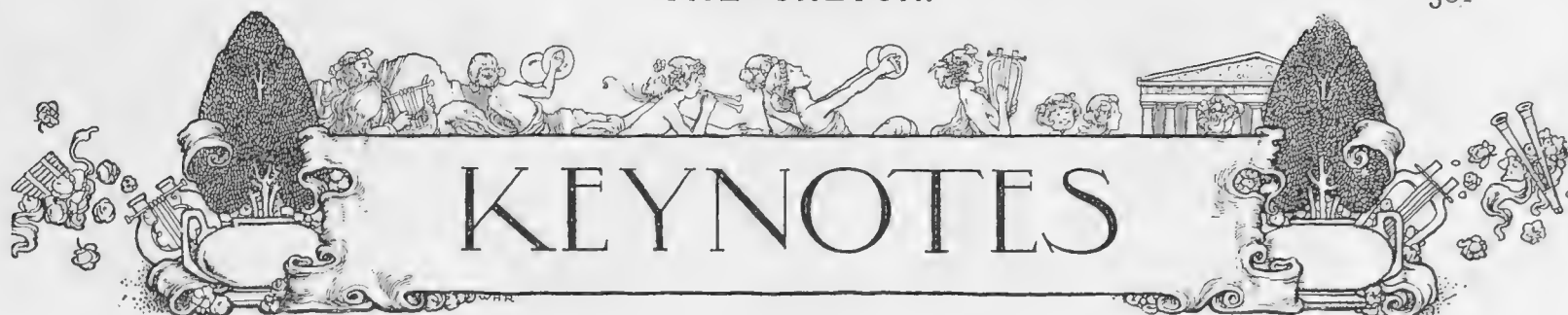
"What is your answer?" said the man. "Will you marry me?"

"But—but I respect you," she faltered, her eyes dewy with regret.

"A woman should always respect her lover; it is her husband she should love."

"Then—it's yes."

THE END.



IN HONOUR OF THE BARBER'S SON OF HALLE: THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

BETWEEN June 22 and 29 the Triennial Handel Festival will be celebrated at the Crystal Palace, where through the long years of trial and trouble the interests of music have never been allowed to suffer. Few people seem to be aware how this fine Festival originated, or when, and it is worth remarking that the Sacred Harmonic Society approached the Crystal Palace Directors in 1856 on the suggestion of one of their members (Mr. R. K. Bowley), who wished to celebrate the centenary (1859) of Handel's death by presenting some of his greatest works in the largest possible setting. The Directors agreed, and arranged to hold a preliminary Festival in 1857 under the musical direction of the Society. The great organ in the Central Transept was built for the occasion, and the singers included Sims Reeves and Herr Formes, Clara Novello and Miss Sainton Dolby. Sir Michael Costa presided. Then the chorus numbered 2000 and the orchestra 400. To-day the scale of presentation is larger still. The choir will number 3500 and the orchestra, which Sir Frederic Cowen will direct, will number 500. In the early years, the success of the Handel Festivals was extraordinary. The centenary performances of 1859 attracted an average audience of twenty thousand people, and led to the institution of the Triennial Festival, which has continued to this year. Sir Michael Costa's connection with them closed in 1880, and Sir August Manns conducted till 1900; since then Sir Frederic Cowen has been in charge. In the arrangement of the programme there has been little change. "Israel in Egypt" and "The Messiah" claim two

ranks of the Yorkshire Festival choirs. Dr. Henry Coward is responsible for both the selection and the training of the Northern singers. On the orchestral side the London Symphony Orchestra forms the nucleus of a body of splendid players recruited freely from the ranks of all the leading London orchestras—Mr. W. H. Reed being leader of the united orchestra. The work of rehearsal and preparation for the present Festival started in August last, and has gone on steadily ever since. It is a wonderful tribute to

the great musician of Halle, who was as distinguished in his private life as in his art, and may be admired as a man even by those who cannot appreciate his enormous achievement as a composer. He was beyond all doubt the greatest musician of his time—and he lived well into his seventies: not only a composer, but an organist, a violinist, a master of the harpsichord, a singer, a teacher, and an impresario. In the range of his knowledge lies the secret of his success as a composer; he knew to a nicety the full value and possibility of every phrase he wrote. It is a thousand pities that for by far the greater part of the year we hear nothing of Handel's work, save "The Messiah." What a pity that we so seldom hear "Israel in Egypt" outside the Crystal Palace, or "Judas Maccabæus," "Saul," and "Solomon," to name but a few of the

works that seem to have been buried beyond the grasp of the Societies that are content to regard Handel as though he had been a man who wrote one oratorio, and no more.

As usual, the Crystal Palace authorities have spared no pains

to secure the services of the best soloists available. The list is an imposing one. For "Israel in Egypt," the soloists are Mmes. Clara Butt, Perceval Allen, and Esta d'Argo; Messrs. Charles Saunders, Kennerley Rumford, and Herbert Brown. For Selection Day Mme. Donald and Mme. Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Robert Radford are retained. "The Messiah" will be rendered by Mmes. Clara Butt and Perceval Allen, Messrs. Ben Davies and Robert Radford; and at the Rehearsal on the Saturday before the Festival, all the soloists, with the exception of Mme. Donald, are to appear. Nowadays, the road to the Crystal Palace is shorter than it used to be. The electrification of the railway line and the possibilities of the motor-car have brought the scene of the Festival nearer to London than it has ever been, and those responsible for the attraction should reap the fit reward of their labours.



THE "WOLVES" OF "THE CHILDREN OF DON": SAMOYEDE DOGS REHEARSING FOR LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN'S OPERA, AT THE LONDON.

Wolves are necessary to the proper presentation of "The Children of Don," the new opera with words by Lord Howard de Walden and music by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, but, as real wolves might prove awkward on the stage, dogs take their place. At the London the Samoyedes here shown were chosen. Two of the characters are turned into wolves in the course of the drama.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

days out of three; the middle day is given to selections from work sacred and secular; and the Rehearsal Day, which is treated as one of the Festival performances, is fixed this year for Saturday next, June 22.

No great stretch of the imagination is required to grasp, however faintly, the magnitude of the task before those responsible for the Festival. Perhaps the work falls most heavily on the broad shoulders of Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock, Musical Director of the Crystal Palace, who will preside this year at the organ for the seventh time. To him falls the labour of marshalling the forces—he is chief of the staff to Sir Frederic Cowen, the commander-in-chief. But long before the forces gather to Sydenham, there has been steady and devoted preparation in London and the provinces, for not only are the leading choral societies of the Metropolis laid under contribution, but this year Sheffield, Leeds, and Huddersfield will send their contingents, recruited from the

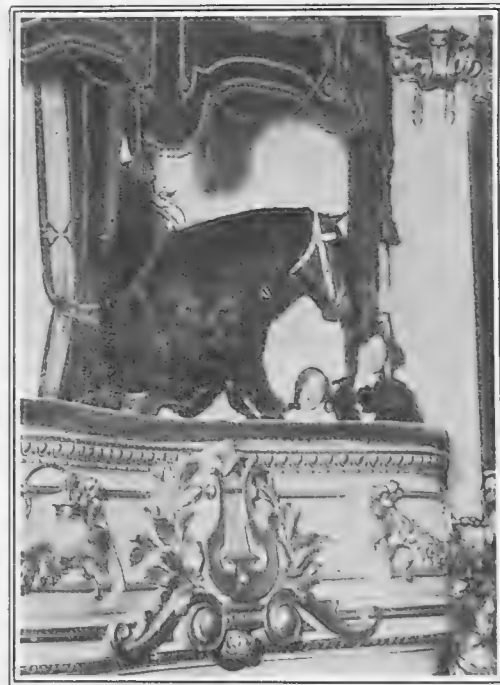


BUYING HIS TICKET: SANDOW, THE NEW ZEALAND "ACTOR-PONY," PURCHASING A SEAT AT A THEATRE.

Having purchased his seat, Sandow walked down the stairs, and took his seat in a box.

Photograph by L.N.A.

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WATCHING THE PERFORMANCE FROM A PRIVATE BOX: SANDOW, THE "ACTOR-PONY," AT THE THEATRE.

Sandow (the pony) is now appearing at the London Palladium in "The Mayor of Mersham."

Photograph by L.N.A.

The electrification of the railway line and the possibilities of the motor-car have brought the scene of the Festival nearer to London than it has ever been, and those responsible for the attraction should reap the fit reward of their labours.

COMMON CHORD.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

"MARBLE, CARPETS, AND A BAND": THE NECESSITY OF THE SUPERFLUOUS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."



WIFE OF THE WINNER OF THE CALCUTTA "SWEEP": MRS. B. MARCUS COTTON.

humiliating one, I also abstain from attending debating lectures, where I should clap invariably every eloquent speaker, regardless of opinion. But "The Superfluous Book" set me to thinking. What is a superfluous book? A badly written, an uninteresting book? A bad seller? But as I write I find that these very defects I enumerate kill one another. The bad seller is, as a rule, not the badly written, but the well-written book. Lack of art, obviousness, slipshod grammar, and, as Shakespeare had it, the general rottenness of a book do not detract from its interest to some people—nay, to most people, or rather, to *the people*. The people do not like a book because it is fine, but because it is big—big with adventure, love, hatred, wealth, poverty, crime, virtue. It likes a book bursting with life, not life as we know it, a long track marked with minute grey pebbles, with here and there, at long intervals, a white stone; but life as dreamt by a Gascon drunk on red wine. A popular book, however bad, is not a superfluous book. There ought to be written fairy-tales for simple adults. To them, who share with children imagination untutored by logic, a story is interesting in proportion to its improbabilities. Truth is the highest form of Art; neither children nor uncultured grown-ups can appreciate it. Only splendid lies, however maladroitly told, give them pleasure. Clever books written about children interest—not the children, but their parents. Tell me of a grown-up who does not delight in "Alice in Wonderland," or of a child who can appreciate its humour? No real washerwoman will be touched by the tragedy of Zola's washerwoman; no courtesan will sigh over Nana; no farm-maid will cry delicious tears over Marie-Claire. Why, the girl does not even marry a duke!

To be popular a book—like music—must be judiciously bad. There must be in it neither fineness nor reticence nor irony. It should be written crudely, but not simply. Simplicity appeals only to the sophisticated. Also its title should be at the same time explanatory and full of lure. Do you know how to kill time mercifully in a

I LIKE extremely sunny marmalade on golden toast; it makes me more indulgent with the doings of the world as I read the morning papers. For the past mornings my marmalade has been embittered by a certain polemic on "The Superfluous Book." It has been puzzling me and tempting me to read it. But I never read polemics, sharing with mobs and monarchs an inclination for being always of the opinion of him who spoke last. For the same reason, because the conviction that one is a weathercock is a

station when waiting for sluggish trains? Go to the bookstalls and read the titles of cheap novelettes and short stories in homely journals. The ingenuous ingenuity of them would touch the heart of a hardened *feuilletonist*. "The Plainest Girl in Aberystwyth," "From Mill-Hand to Multi-Millionaire," "The Man who Sold His Conscience": here are stories for you—stories of people to whom things happen.

In truth, it is the superfluous that is really necessary. The simple book, the naïve drama, the ugly hats, the vile tobacco, the crude lithographs, the public-houses, and the barrel-organs: they exist for the pleasure of the greatest number.

For a long time to come yet actors will have to stumble over chairs and drop trays full of crockery to reap the appreciative laughter of the big public. I do not know why it should be so, but an avalanche of tea-cups has been from time immemorial the recognised form of expressing surprise. Personally, I have never known anyone, even at the apogee of astonishment, drop anything else than a "Fancy!" Do you know what the public laughed at in a play like "Buntz Pulls the Strings"? Not at the quiet humour, the

faithfulness of portraiture. The comic success went to—the crinolines and to the coloured handkerchiefs hanging artlessly from the tail-pockets of the actors. One must stoop to conquer the public.

Who will dare say what is superfluous? A gaudy ribbon is more necessary to the working-girl's happiness than a pair of sound boots. To people who shiver in a fireless hovel, the gilt and mirrors of a saloon bar are part of the needs of their famished existence. Nothing, however grotesque, is superfluous that radiates the blessed warmth of pleasure.

Crude writers are most



THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK AND PRINCE KNUD AS BOY SCOUTS. THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, IN UNIFORM, WITH SOME OF THEIR COMRADES.

Included in this photograph, which was taken at a parade at Rosenborg Castle, Copenhagen, are the Crown Prince of Denmark and Prince Knud, who have just joined the Danish Boy Scouts. The Crown Prince Frederick was born in March 1899; Prince Knud in July 1900.

Photograph by Herman Hartvig.

often exceedingly clever business men who know the people and its wants. They know that the fount of its understanding is only to be reached by big letters, lurid pictures, and pregnant titles. One is wrong to be subtle with the dense. Why, do you think, does the Salvation Army—a creed run on popular lines, if ever there was one—why does it rely, and with such good results, on big drums and absurd clothes? To reach the people's imagination through its taste and its tympanum. And he who caters for the people should write large on the menu, "Marble, Carpets, and a Band." And he does it, too!



WINNER OF THE CALCUTTA "SWEEP", MR. B. MARCUS COTTON, WHO DREW TAGALIE.

Mr. B. Marcus Cotton, who drew Tagalie in the Calcutta Turf Club's Derby "Sweep," and so will share some £40,000 with his brothers, is the buyer for and English representative of the firm of Messrs. B. M. Cotton and Co., general merchants, of Port Elizabeth and Johannesburg. He bought six tickets.



ON THE LINKS

POSSESSOR OF THE PERFECT MATCH-PLAY TEMPERAMENT: THE GREAT GOLFER OF HOYLAKES.

An Amazing Record.

In a hundred years from now (by which time not many of us will be playing golf, long-lived as are those who practise the game), the name of Mr. John Ball will still be regarded as that of the golfer who was the most wonderful amateur of his time. They will look upon that player who won eight Amateur Championships and one Open one—and that will quite likely not be the full sum of his golfing success—as being even a more extraordinary man than we do now, if such a thing were possible, because the feats he has been accomplishing with so much frequency will by then have become rarer. More people will be playing the game; there will be more champions and fewer championships to go round. So then, even with the full facts before them, in old newspapers, bound volumes of *The Sketch*, and various works of historical reference, there will appear to be some great mystery about it all. He has won these eight championships, and no other man, living or dead, ever won more than three, and that comprehensive company has included some extremely brilliant players. The conditions of the game do not produce many men of the high quality of Harold Hilton and one or two others. Perhaps Mr. Ball's marvellous successes are to be accounted for in that he is not only a highly brilliant player of the game, with some special points of skill to which

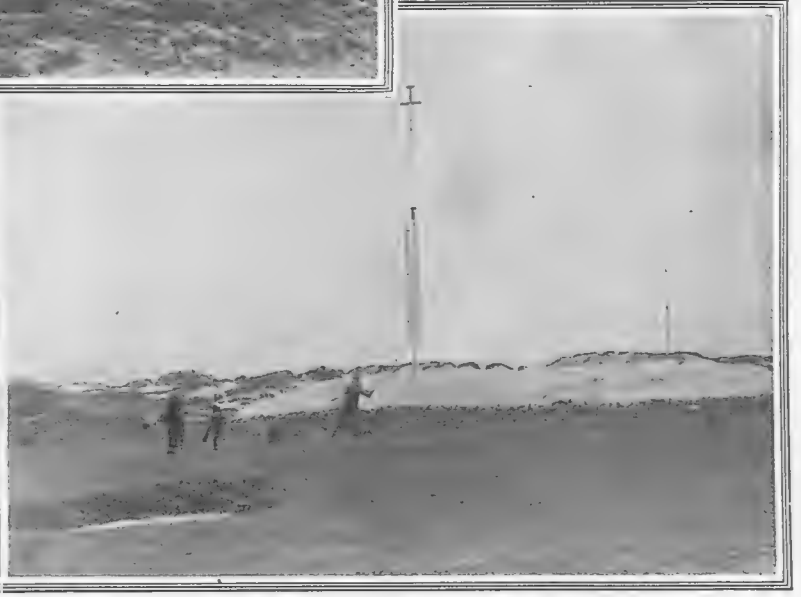
that match, for it was only a putt of four feet that he had to hole on the home green to make himself champion; yet when anybody is inclined to say that he should not have missed such a chance, it should be remembered that, in a sense, that putt of four feet had become one of four yards by that time, for Mr. Mitchell must have been suffering agonies of disappointment. I am glad that Mr. Ball won, for, despite all the things we write and say about it being good for the game that these distinctions should go round, it is also a good thing that men like Mr. Ball should win them for the lessons that they teach us, and I hope he will win many more; but I am also sorry that Mr. Mitchell lost. It was simply worry that lost him that game at the end. Mr. Ball played in the first championship that ever was, and he has played in nearly all since, excepting only one or two, when he was doing his duty as a Yeoman out at the

Boer War. He was runner-up in the second championship; he won the third, and the fifth, and the seventh, and the ninth, the fourteenth, the twenty-second, the twenty-sixth, and now the twenty-eighth. It will be perceived that his wins are becoming frequent again. I cannot imagine what new kinds of distinction will be given him. Long ago, when he won both Open and Amateur Championships in the same year, a clock-tower was placed on the top of the Royal Liverpool club-house

SHOWING THE CLUB-HOUSE: THE 18TH GREEN AT MUIRFIELD.



SPECIALLY MADE FOR THIS YEAR'S OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP, AND CERTAIN TO AROUSE PARTICULAR INTEREST: THE NEW 11TH GREEN.



WITH THE ADMIRALTY'S MEASURED-MILE-POSTS, FOR SPEED TESTS IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH, IN THE BACKGROUND: THE 4TH TEE.

THE SCENE OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE LINKS OF THE HONOURABLE COMPANY OF EDINBURGH GOLFERS, AT MUIRFIELD, NEAR EDINBURGH.

The views up the Firth of Forth and across land towards the Lammermuirs are splendid. The entry for this year's Open Championship is 212—the second largest in the history of the event.

Photographs by Sport and General.

few others have attained, but that he has other characteristics as a man in a very enhanced degree. He has the most perfect temperament for the match-play game. Perhaps most players, in considering what golfers we have in the game just now, would reflect that Mr. Ball and James Braid have better temperaments than all others. It needs far more than magnificent skill in golf to win such matches as Mr. Ball did on the last two days at Westward Ho! against Mr. Bond in the semi-final, and his opponent in the final, Mr. Mitchell. Never did matches seem more utterly, irretrievably lost, and it is the most difficult thing in the world for the losers—presumptive in such cases to keep on playing anything like a good game.

Just Keeps Going Along.

But it was always otherwise with the great golfer of Hoylake. He just goes on playing as usual, not worrying about anything, taking things as they come, and doing his best. And Fortune is then kind to such people, as she should be. Mr. Mitchell ought to have won

in his honour; he has been accorded the rare distinction of being made an honorary member for life of the Royal and Ancient Club, and so forth.

A Muirfield Conjecture.

As a player he has some marked peculiarities. He employs a very unusual way of gripping his club, holding it deep down in the palms of his hands. He drives a very great length, and has enormous command over his iron-club play. This week, we may assume, he will be playing in the Open Championship Tournament at Muirfield, for while this event is attended by fewer amateurs than formerly, it is an established custom that the man who wins the Amateur Championship should give his patronage to the stroke-play competition which the professionals have practically to themselves. Muirfield, as it happens, is the only championship course on which Mr. Ball has never yet won a championship. But, goodness me, we cannot run on to the conjecture that these facts seem to be leading us to!

HENRY LEACH.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



ENGAGED TO MR. EDWARD CHAPMAN, OF THE 3RD DRAGOON GUARDS: MISS ELVIRA MAUDE HENDERSON.

Miss Henderson, whose engagement to Mr. Edward Chapman is announced, is the daughter of Mr. H. W. Henderson, of 9, Prince's Gardens, and Serge Hill, King's Langley, Herts.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

"Dictionary of National Biography" are those who have never turned its pages.

History and His Story.

"Punctilious" is one of the words that readily describe the Sir Sidney Lee of Waterloo Place. It is there, in his office, that he wins his battles, and writes his postcards. The postcards are becoming as famous and as numerous as Gladstone's. At first the contributor who receives them wonders at the industry of his editor; then he suspects them. He imagines, but vainly, that the flow of learned advice and correction and instruction on the most minor details of the Dictionary must emanate from a staff of sub-editors who all write with Sir Sidney's pen and fist. But the contributor who knows Sir Sidney both in and out of Waterloo Place is the man who marvels most at his industry. The biography of

WHEN Lord Rosebery was pulled up for speaking of our "young King," Sir Sidney Lee was correcting his Edwardian biography. If he had needed any warning of the dangers of departing from trite phrases in regard to the Crown, the resentment caused by that one mild adjective would have been in itself sufficient. But Sir Sidney had a plan, and was not to be cajoled. Most punctilious in loyalty, as in other things, he was also too good an editor to put conventional half-truths into a book of permanent value. Sir Sidney's one answer to the expression of surprise and interrogation which seems to say, "Why did you, of all men, do it?" is, "Have you read it through?" He complains



PAINTER OF THE PICTURE "MATINÉE DE SEPTEMBRE," IN OUR "IN SUMMER MOOD" PAGES: M. PAUL CHABAS.

Photograph by Manuel.

Edward VII. was not a labour of the writing-desk alone. Its author knew the King, and he knows and has consulted a larger and more various circle of the King's friends than anybody who has ventured the perilous task of writing history instead of fairy-tales.

Soldier and Stager, too. Something like a record in amateur acting and stage-managing, at any rate in the Army, can be claimed by Mr. Pat à Beckett, Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and son of the late Mr. Arthur à Beckett. He represents, by the way, the third generation of the à Becketts of *Punch*,

to whose paper he is a frequent contributor, and a song of his was recently put into the bill at the Tivoli. When he joined the Army twelve years ago, Mr. Pat à Beckett acted a good deal in garrison theatricals. After a year's service at home, he was ordered to the West Indies, and in Bermuda was joint-author and producer of a pantomime—a thing previously unheard of in that island—which ran for twelve nights. He also got up more than one Military Assault-at-Arms and torch-light tattoo. He then went to Jamaica, where he produced several plays and conducted the Empire Day celebrations in two years. Coming home on leave, he ran an entertainment for Lady Clifford of Chudleigh. In 1907 he was ordered to India and

became stage-manager of the Quetta A.D.C., producing "The

Country Mouse." The same year (after a march of 600 miles to Rawal Pindi) he founded the Mountain Artillery A.D.C., and wrote and produced a pantomime with over sixty performers, for which he also painted the scenery. In 1908, after his return from the Zacca Khel Expedition, in which he was wounded, he wrote and produced "The Belle of Bazaar." Elected stage-manager of the Murree A.D.C., he produced several plays there in 1909. Then, at Rourke, whither he was next transferred, he founded the R.A.A.D.C., and produced a play by his father. He has since been ordered home, and a week or two ago produced "The Cabinet Minister" for the R.A.A.D.C. with great success.

The Moors.

The moors and forests are already being enjoyed—in cool anticipation. In London crushes the magic names are spoken and heard with almost a



WELL KNOWN AS AMATEUR ACTOR, STAGE-MANAGER, AND WRITER: MR. PAT A BECKETT.

Mr. à Beckett is a son of the late Mr. Arthur à Beckett. In 1908 he married the only daughter of Col. Kitchener, elder brother of Lord Kitchener.

Photograph by Wheeler.



ENGAGED TO MR. RICHARD LOUNSBERY, OF NEW YORK: MISS HELEN SQUIRES.

Miss Squires is the daughter of the late Hon. Herbert Squires. Her engagement to Mr. Richard Lounsbury, of New York, was recently announced.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO THE MARQUIS OF SALAMANCA: MISS NINA MARTINEZ DE HOZ.

Miss de Hoz is the only daughter of Señor Dom Miguel Martinez de Hoz, the well-known Argentine millionaire and member of the Coaching Club. The Marquis of Salamanca is the son of the Condesa de los Llanos, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Spain.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



MOTORS AND MISSILES — PNEUMATICS AND PETROL — DAIMLERS AND DOMINANCE.

The Motor— A Public Target.

Even at this late date motor-cars appear to excite some people to curious deeds of frenzy. While small boys will watch the passing of innumerable horse-drawn vehicles without turning a hair, the appearance of a motor-car provokes the urchins immediately to hurling the ready stone at the shiny panels, or dancing derisively



WHERE THE COACHES USED TO STAND! THE NEW RAIL-ENCLOSED CENTRAL "GARAGE" FOR MOTOR-CARS AT ASCOT.

The photograph was taken from the top of a stand in the Royal Enclosure.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

in front of the vehicle, to the peril of their lives. No one has yet solved the underlying reasons which prompt childhood to these perilous deeds. And, indeed, it is quite as difficult to divine the reason which impelled a drunken travelling wire-worker to hurl a pair of pliers at a passing car, and, when seized by the car-owner, to express the genial wish that the pliers had killed the motorist. But even wire-workers travelling and drunk must be restrained from divesting themselves in so impetuous a manner of the tools by which they earn their living; and so this particular wire-worker, through the good offices of the A.A., was haled before a magisterial tribunal to expiate his offence. Pliers, as missiles, were esteemed dangerous by the Bench, and 10s. for being drunk and disorderly, and two months' hard labour, without the option, for wilful damage, must assuredly now be giving this wire-worker furiously to think. Also it will discourage the others!

Take a Thought to Dunlops.

Of the numerous interested visitors to the Motor Museum in Oxford Street, how many, while going the round of the Show and marking the wonderful progress made since the date of the first Panhard exhibited, give a thought to an accessory the germ of which is also shown, and without which the motor-car would be far indeed from the speedy and luxurious vehicle it has already become? I refer to the pneumatic tyre, for, though it would be incorrect to suggest that without Mr. J. B. Dunlop's great thought there would have been no motor movement—for self-propelled vehicles were, of course, running in France before the production of the pneumatic tyre in 1888—it is not too much to say that that tyre has proved the one other thing needful to the full success of the motor movement. Imagine all the care, thought, skill, and science which go to the output of a high-grade car expended on a construction which must roll over rough roads on iron, leather, or even solid rubber tyres. In providing the automobile engineer with a resilient, shock-absorbing air-cushion upon which to run his delicate machinery, Mr. Dunlop has put the whole world of automobilism under a profound debt of gratitude.

Wanted—A Home- Grown Fuel.

If the late petrol meeting in the Grand Gallery of the Royal Automobile Club does nothing else, it should, if the Committee appointed by the Club do their duty, reopen the question of home-grown fuel for internal-combustion engines. If the Government of this country had any other object but keeping themselves in power and pandering to the multitude, they would long since have commissioned the greatest experts to spare no pains and no cost in developing the use of alcohol in the place of a fuel for which the United Kingdom is wholly dependent upon outside sources. And I think I am right when I say that not one of these sources is under the flag. This is almost more lamentable than having the supply in the complete control of a combination the head of which has stated in plain words that they will charge as much for their commodity as it will fetch. As a motor contemporary pointed out last week, while we lag behind, America, one of the homes of oil, has already made careful inquiry into the matter, and this goes to show that alcohol can be used in modern internal-combustion engines, so that it only remains to produce it at a reasonable price.

A Hill-Annihilating Daimler.

To the really enthusiastic motorist who feels a keen enjoyment in the rhythmical, sweeping, silent power of a big engine, the 57-h.p. six-cylinder Daimler, which has Fish Hill, Broadway, to its credit on top speed, should assuredly appeal. By the *Autocar* of May 25 last, I note that a 57-h.p. Daimler sleeve-valve car was driven from the foot to the crest of this Cotswold steep on its top gear at a regular speed of 21½ miles per hour. And this with a car weighing 2½ tons, set against an average gradient of one in eleven for two miles. The *Autocar*, in describing this experience, speaks of it as "a joy," and says "the big car swept the hill behind it with an impression and sense of scornful, silent power which was altogether delightful." Further, it provoked "a grateful sensation of disregard and dominance." The cylinders of the engine were 114 mm. (4½ in.) bore and 140 mm. (5½ in.) stroke—engine-dimensions which two or three years ago would have failed miserably in encompassing such a performance as this. But it is the characteristic of the Daimler sleeve-valve engine, in all its powers, that it pulls right out to the last ounce, and that in entire sweetness and silence. There is no sense or indication of the power produced, but there the power is, and it does its work as described above.

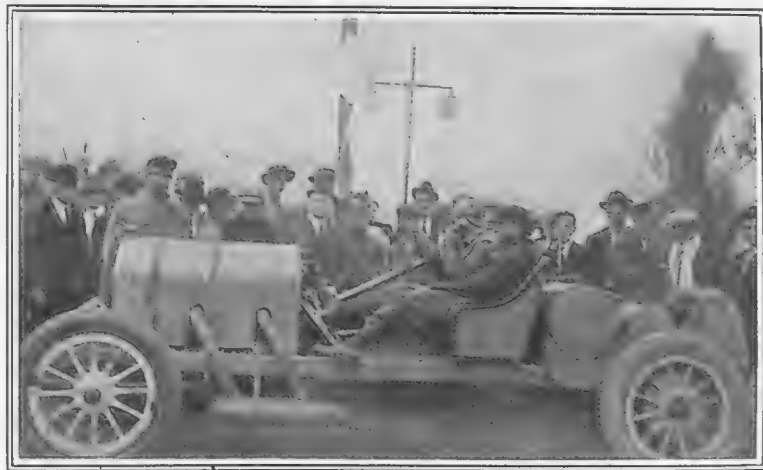
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AN ENCYCLOPEDIA SIGN-POST: A MOST INFORMATIVE AFFAIR IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Each sign directs to some forty places.

Photo. by Fleet Agency.



YOU MAY TELEPHONE FROM HERE! USING AN EMERGENCY INSTRUMENT BY THE ROADSIDE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The telephone service illustrated is for the use of motorists, whose cars are fitted with instruments which only need to be "plugged" into one of the numerous telephone-posts by the roadside.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



ROYAL SINCE THE DAYS OF CHARLES II.: ASCOT.

The Royal Heath. Ascot Races are nowadays associated in the minds of most people with social brilliance; it is a small minority that looks upon the fixture as a race-meeting first and a smart function afterwards. This attitude is probably accounted for by the fact that Royalty have for many years patronised the meeting. As far back as the reign of King Charles II. was this so, and Queen Anne's connection with the races on the Royal Heath is well known. Queen Anne is dead, but the royal meeting was never more alive than it is to-day. To show the change that has come over Ascot, I may mention that those who patronise what is known on racecourses as "the cheap ring," are better catered for at Ascot than at any other meeting throughout the land. The five-shilling enclosure contains a lawn, and a band plays on it. I wonder what some of the exclusives of old would have said if such a thing had even been hinted at in their day!

Bottling the Winner. To revert to the historical and royal aspect of Ascot. A queer story is told of Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of King George III., to the effect that, seeing his money being lost on a horse, he flung a bottle at the one that was leading near home, in the hope that he might thereby cause that horse's defeat! One can hardly imagine a member of a Royal Household so far forgetting himself nowadays! There was another bottle-throwing episode at Ascot only a few years ago, but that concerned a more humble subject.

The Prince Regent Warned Off. Roughly speaking, it is about 130 years since Ascot became a regular annual racing event under royal patronage. It is interesting and quaint to recall that King George IV., while Prince Regent, attended Ascot regularly, even after he had been warned off the Turf by the Jockey Club for dishonest racing at Ascot in connection with his horse Escape. His defence of his presence in the face of the Jockey Club edict was that "a man was certainly entitled to go on a

sight. After the death of the Prince Consort, the full State procession was abandoned until King Edward revived it in all its quaint brilliance.

The Gold Cup and Bomba.

The Gold Cup day—the great day of the meeting—furnishes, as a rule, the worst (if that word can be applied at Ascot) sport, and the best dresses. Apart from the Cup itself, the racing peters out consequent on a repetition of entries. But there is still a great desire among owners to win the Gold Cup, and that race alone is worth the journey. Some curious incidents have happened in connection with it. One of the most extraordinary results occurred in 1909, when Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's very moderate colt by some means contrived to win the race, to the astonishment of all. The colt's owner regarded the result with mixed feelings. In those days he delighted in a bout with the bookmakers, and had he had any inkling of what was to happen, he would, as he once expressed it, have "given those fellows something." He was not sure whether he ought to go down and lead Bomba in. This course is not usual in the Ascot Gold Cup, but, being fond of a joke, Lord Dalmeny and his brother persuaded Mr. J. A. de Rothschild to go down—a proceeding that led to much cheering and merriment.

An Ascot Cup as a German Trophy.

The Gold Cup won by Touchstone in 1836 was given as a prize at a German meeting in 1909! Baron Oppenheim, President of the Cologne Race Society, discovered the Cup in London in 1907 in the shop of a dealer in antiquities. He purchased the Cup and decided to give it as a trophy at one of the Cologne race-meetings. Wonder was expressed at the time as to how such a cup ever came to leave Eaton Hall.

Mark Twain and the Poster.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing that ever happened in connection with the Gold Cup was the stealing of it a few years ago. It was on view at the time racing started, but had gone an hour later.



WINNERS OF THE INFANTRY CUP ON ALDERSHOT DAY AT RANELAGH: THE SCHOOL OF MOUNTED INFANTRY TEAM.

The members of the team are Captain A. E. J. Wilson, Captain E. C. Webb, Captain E. Weld-Forester and Major G. H. Parker (back). In the first round they beat the Irish Guards by 7 goals to 3; in the semi-finals the Coldstream Guards "A" by 3 goals to 2; and in the final the 2nd Coldstreams by 6 goals to 1.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



WINNERS OF THE ALDERSHOT CHALLENGE CUP WITHOUT SCORING IN THE FINAL: THE QUEEN'S BAYS TEAM, SUCCESSFUL IN THE FIRST TOURNAMENT FOR THE CUP PLAYED ON HANDICAP.

On Aldershot Day at Ranelagh last week the Aldershot Challenge Cup was for the first time played on handicap. In the final the Queen's Bays, who had a start of 5 goals, met the Royal Horse Guards "B," who only secured 3 goals; consequently the Queen's Bays won even without getting a goal. In the photograph (from left to right) are Captain A. D. Sloane, Mr. C. N. C. de Crespigny, Major A. E. W. Harman (back), and Major G. H. A. Ing.

Photograph by L.N.A.

racecourse which was practically part of his father's park." Queen Victoria used to attend Ascot in full state while her husband was alive, and the glories of the royal procession up the course on the Tuesday and Thursday formed one of the chief items of a gorgeous



THE KING AND QUEEN AT RANELAGH: HER MAJESTY PRESENTING THE INFANTRY CUP TO MAJOR G. H. PARKER, OF THE SCHOOL OF MOUNTED INFANTRY TEAM.

The King and Queen, with Princess Mary (who is seen standing by her father) visited the polo-ground at Ranelagh on Aldershot Day, the 11th, when the tournaments for the Aldershot Challenge Cup and the Infantry Cup were decided. Her Majesty presented both the cups to the winning teams, and in the case of the Challenge Cup each individual player received a smaller silver cup, as shown in our photograph of the Queen's Bays team.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

Mark Twain was on a visit to this country at the time, and he recalled at a dinner afterwards, amid roars of laughter, that one of the London newspaper placards that day read: "Mark Twain Arrives; Ascot Gold Cup Disappears."



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Pageant of the Season.

People who are lazily inclined, and who like to take their pleasures with a minimum of trouble—and they are chiefly men—often elect to have only a spectacular view of the London season, and enjoy the stupendous show without paying, as the French say, "with their persons." They will take a green chair in Hyde Park and look at the Sunday garden-party without having to carry tea-cups and offer all the ladies their *petits soins*. A stroll down Piccadilly, or even an arm-chair at their club window, gives them a free view of all the Beauty, Rank, and Fashion of the town, without any fatigue, excitement, or bad air. To sit in a stall at the Opera is also a way of enjoying the season, together with your favourite music, without any fret or scurry. Such careful people affect, particularly, out-of-door functions; and the great races—seen from their own motor—Henley, Lord's, and Ranelagh are their favourite vantage-points for viewing the humours and follies of Vanity Fair. To strenuous hostesses, who toil at entertaining, living in a feverish round of hospitality, and spending lavishly, not only golden guineas, but their own vitality, this aloofness always seems a trifle selfish. For it is the woman who toils and strives, contrives and intrigues so that she (and especially her daughters) may cut a dash in the great Pageant and play her part in the hospitality of June. The London season, for her, is a ceaseless round of fatigue, of forced smiles and incessant change of dress. Indeed, she plays so important a rôle in the Pageant that she hardly has time to enjoy it, and never gets a detached view of the extraordinary spectacle as a whole.

That Country Cottage.

The bourgeois ideal—and I understand it is shared by at least one Duchess—is to possess, somewhere within sixty miles of London, a humble cottage with a trifling rental, which can be made beautiful and sanitary within, and where short, spasmodic "rests" can be indulged in during the feverish months that busy people pass in the capital of the world. Now, as the population of London amounts, nowadays, to a round six millions, the country cottage—even in un-modish Essex—has become the most difficult thing in the world to acquire. Everything with four walls and a roof has been eagerly snatched up and converted into an elaborate and artistic residence for Saturday-to-Monday purposes, with the result that there is, literally, nowhere for the unfortunate agricultural labourer, the artisan, or the gardener to live. If a new cottage is erected in some modish county by a clever architect, lo! the rent is at once fabulous, and beyond even the means of the Londoner who seeks a small rural home. Very soon the whole countryside will be deserted by its legitimate population, who have work at hand and interests

in the neighbourhood, and its place will be taken by Superior Persons from Kensington and Chelsea, who deal at the London Stores, and have not even a nodding acquaintance with their neighbours. It is a curious state of things, for no country can do without a sturdy peasantry, and ours will soon, for want of a roof to cover them, all be pallid dwellers in factory towns.

How it Will Work in the Great State.

It is at once instructive and amusing to read a book of illuminative essays, such as Mr. H. G. Wells has gathered together in "The Great State," showing as they do that a large number of clever persons are agreed that our social system

must be drastically altered before it can ever be right. Great importance is laid by Mr. Wells on "pleasant and interesting" work being found for everyone. Lady Warwick would have the factories transplanted into the country, while the agricultural labourer would enjoy the pleasures and advantages of town life during the winter months, the railways, trams, and aeroplanes would be as free to everyone as the high roads are to-day. Mr. Cecil Chesterton would see to it that we were properly represented in Parliament, and not ruled, governed, and taxed by professional politicians who are "out for a job"; and Miss Cicely Hamilton, greatly daring, would like to abolish the "clinging woman," and give the sex other professions than that of marriage and motherhood. Mr. Haynes, who writes humorously on the Law—even admitting that it is "a hass"—would like humaner methods on the Judicial Bench and greater facilities for divorce. Mr. Herbert Trench thinks the Family the most important unit in any social system, which only serves to show that Socialists and Reformers are curiously at loggerheads, for Mr. Bernard Shaw (if I remember right) would practically abolish it altogether. I gather that Mr. C. Bond, F.R.C.S., who writes on Healing, approves of the wise Chinese system which pays the doctor for keeping you well, instead of tinkering with your person and dosing you with drugs when you

fall ill. Mr. Roger Fry would like to see the Artist earning his living at some trade or profession, and giving all his ardour and his leisure to the most alluring of all occupations. In short, an ideal vista is opened out in this stimulating volume, the only drawback being that it is a State, not on earth, but in the Air, with no reference to such trifles as armies and navies, hostile Powers, Welt-Politik and all which that implies. Imaginative people who draw these alluring pictures of their ideal Utopia are apt to forget the stern conditions of the actual every-day world, and especially the fact that one state cannot be a Utopia unless the others are too.



THE UPPER WOMAN AND HER ADORNMENT: PARISIAN DESIGNS FOR CAPE AND CHAPEAU.

From left to right, the figures illustrate (1) A fichu cape of white spotted silk, edged round with a frill of lace and caught in at the waist with a black-velvet bow. (2) A large black-silk hat, slightly bent up at one side, with two marabout aigrettes standing out at either side of the crown, and a wide piece of guipure lace laid on all round the brim. (3) A quaint black-taffetas cape, lined with oyster satin, with a wide collarette of the same colour.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 26.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE glut of new issues had a most depressing effect on the gilt-edged market last week, especially as the underwriters were saddled with a very large percentage, and Consols at one time touched the lowest price recorded since 1831. The stock markets as a whole, however, took a turn for the better at the end of last week, and the speculative position is certainly healthier. The bull account in Marconis appears to be quite cleared away, and it is now certain that the special settlement in the American Company's shares will be surmounted without any trouble.

The addition of the general strike to the dock strike has not proved to be very terrible on this occasion, and we think the whole thing will soon fizzle out. Once the men are made to realise that there is at least the possibility of a strike proving unsuccessful—and this will be their first experience during the last year or so—we may get some respite from these troubles. Such, at all events, seems to be the view taken in the Home Railway Market, and dealers are feeling more cheerful.

NIGERIANS.

Although a general cry went up from the Press for an inquiry into the Anglo-Continental affair, it looks as though it will be a case of everybody's business being nobody's; and certainly nothing has yet been done. We are inclined to think that the reaction after the wild speculation has been carried quite far enough, and the market was much firmer at the end of the week. There is not likely to be very much activity before the autumn, but we think some of the alluvial propositions should make a good showing later on, and might turn out profitable at present prices. Bauchi issues are perhaps the pick, and Tin areas are pretty safe to go to ten shillings as soon as any fresh interest is evinced in the group.

THE SHELL TRANSPORT AND TRADING COMPANY.

We referred to this Company last week, and the figures of the Report, which are now available, are well worth some attention. The net revenue balance for 1911 amounted to £626,400, against £694,000 for 1910; and including £287,322 brought into the account, an available balance of £929,416 is shown.

The diminution in the year's profits is accounted for by the fact that the two subsidiaries, the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company and the Bataafsche Petroleum Maatschappij, have thought it necessary to increase the sums allocated to depreciation by no less than £922,000. Both these concerns, however, have obviously done very well during the past year, as they contribute £591,000 to the Shell Company, or only £77,500 less than during 1910.

As in the case of the Royal Dutch Company, the reduction in the dividend is accounted for by the necessity of strengthening the financial position in order to meet the competition of the Standard Oil Company in the Dutch Indies—and the large sums placed to depreciation by the subsidiaries probably represent a reserve for the same object.

The longer the Market considers the Report, the more it seems to like it, and the shares have been consistently supported during the past week.

We think there is very little doubt that the competition in this new field will end, as did that in the Far East, with a victory for the Shell Company, and we look for an advance in the price of the shares before very long.

DUFF DEVELOPMENTS.

When we referred to this Company in February, the price of the shares was 17s., and we expressed the opinion that the negotiations with the Kelantan Government would shortly be brought to a very satisfactory termination, and this is now confirmed by an official announcement. In return for the modification of certain concessions, and for allowing the Government to resume possession of part of their territory, the Company are to receive £300,000 in cash and the right to take up a fresh area of 50,000 acres, to be held in perpetuity. As this latter grant need not be exercised until the route of the new railway is fixed, the new areas should be especially valuable. Additional information as to the position is given in the Report for 1911, which has just been issued, and the prospect disclosed is fairly satisfactory. Although there is still a debit balance, the expansion of trading profits and the figures of the rubber business give promise of better things in the future.

Last year, 9792 lbs. of rubber were sold in Singapore, at an average price of 4s. 0½d., and a fresh property was acquired in February, so that the planted area now totals 3784 acres.

The new capital afforded by the agreement with the Government will materially assist the Company.

We think the 6 per cent. Debentures are even more attractive than the Ordinary shares, especially now that the financial position has been strengthened, and the right of conversion into Ordinary shares should prove valuable before the date of redemption arrives.

There was "good" buying of the shares when the price

fell to 18s. 6d. the other day. They are cheap at a sovereign, and will probably go to five-and-twenty shillings.

THE RUBBER MARKET.

One result of the Dock Strike has been a considerable curtailment of supplies in the Rubber Market, and prices have advanced several pence per lb. Although it is realised that the normal supplies are merely being delayed, manufacturers are apparently short of the raw article, and it must not be forgotten that even those who had arranged for supplies by means of June delivery contracts are in many cases unable to get them fulfilled, and have therefore to enter the market and compete for the reduced supplies on the spot. The statistical position is improved, as visible supplies in London and Liverpool are some 600 tons less than a month ago.

There has been some increase in investment demand for the shares of some of the Companies, but the Market as a whole continues to be neglected by the majority of the public. It is a pity that it should be so, because the industry is now in an excellent position, as is witnessed by the reports that have been issued during the last month or two. Taking these as a whole, there has been a welcome tendency to pay more attention to reserves and depreciation funds than was the case in those for 1910, and there is in many cases still plenty of room for improvement in this direction. With a little care, however, many bargains can be picked up among Rubber shares. We have so often given particulars of Companies which we consider especially attractive, that it is hardly necessary to do so again, but among the best are Sagga, Kapar Para, Yatiyantota, and Tebrau.

TUBE STOCKS.

The Underground department of the Home Railway Market offers the speculator plenty of excitement even in these quiet times, and it is not surprising that speculation flows willingly through this section. It has the great advantage of the knowledge that, behind Tube finance, there stands the powerful house of Speyer, which is a tower of strength, and a sure refuge to the bulls when prices go against them. The spectacular rise to 400 in London General Omnibus stock, the soaring to 15s. 6d. of the one-shilling shares in the Underground Electric Railways Company—these are two magnificent advertisements for the whole group. Manifestly, too, there are several candidates for a closer alliance with the Metropolitan Railway, and "Mets." ought to go to 75 on prospects. The Ordinary £10 shares of the Underground Electric Railways should stand a little higher than Districts, and the supporter of the latter must bear this fact in mind, for the shares are likely to get a small dividend before Districts do. East Londons are a healthy purchase whenever they go down to the neighbourhood of 7½, but shrewd buyers are more inclined to fancy the Company's junior Debenture stocks as holding greater possibilities of a big rise.

THE RISE IN MEXICAN RAILS.

That there would be a very material improvement in the Mexican Railway prices was predicted confidently enough here some few weeks ago, and the rises are, in our opinion, thoroughly well justified by the prospects, as well as by the present performance of the line. To have emerged from so trying a revolutionary period with so small a loss in net traffic is an achievement of which the Company may well be proud. It augurs most favourably for what may be expected when Mexico settles down to peace and quietude, to progress and prosperity. Of course, there will be occasional alarms. Prices every now and then will set back. Nature plays freakish havoc with the best-laid plans in tropical countries. But to have and to hold, as permanent speculative investments, Mexican Railway Preference stocks are eminently good, while the chances of a rise in the Ordinary are not bounded by five points when the revolution is definitely over, and Mexico restored to complete pacification.

A KAFFIR REVIVAL.

They are trying desperately hard to throw a little enthusiasm into the Kaffir Circus, and the optimists point to the good dividends recently declared as important bull factors even on the threshold of the summer. Prices are decidedly hard, and a mere breath of buying suffices to put them up a sixteenth or so. But directly that breath of buying dies away, prices begin to dwindle. There is no backbone in the Market, and the big houses seem to be as reluctant as ever to come forward to the assistance of the incipient bulls. Newspapers write hopefully of the increased business that is supposed to be doing; broadsheets declare the same story. The industrious scribes, however, should stand for half-an-hour in the East Rand or the Goldfields Market, and they would assuredly pen a different sort of report. Everyone wants to see Kaffirs go better; everyone believes that the Market will have the revival for which it has waited these long two years, but it has to be candidly confessed that the present indications are faint and feeble of anything like a real public demand for shares.

VERY MISCELLANEOUS.

Kent Coal shares are in a bad way again, and Concessions have gone back to the neighbourhood of 3½. They look a healthy gamble at that. So do East Kents at 4s. 6d.—they were 6s. 6d. only a few weeks ago.

[Continued on page xxxii.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Humming Now. The season is really going now; there is vigour, go, and life in it at last! I am wondering what those optimistic paragraphists who perseveringly cried brilliancy and social business week after week when there was none will do now? Nothing short of frenzied enthusiasm for these current weeks, when things are really humming, will serve them. I am expecting an outburst of hysteria. After all, a certain harmony with things as they are when one writes about them is best. So many people know nowadays. Time was when Society was a little upper world, about which lower circles believed all that they were told. Not so now; it is a vast thing, and those not in it know all about it.

There is Nothing Half so Dear in Life —as man, rarest man. An advertisement in the *Morning Post* says, "A Lady of Title, giving a dance, is willing to issue invitations to a few men of good social position. For terms, apply, Ladies' League," etc., etc. Are the men to receive terms, or make them? Another advertisement from the same source puts—"Eastbourne.—Will the lady who was travelling alone to Victoria, very ill with heart attack, write to gentleman who gave her his card; anxious to hear. Club W." Of what nature was the heart attack? Was only a partial exchange of cards bad for it?

Dainty, Delicate, Delightful. I have often said how charming were the dresses and blouses at The White House, New Bond Street. They have there now a prettier and more attractive number of dresses, coats and skirts, and blouses than ever. This will be good news, with so many summer fêtes in the immediate future: Queen Alexandra Day—when the women in white are going to work in a loved Queen's name for a great cause; matches of polo, matches at cricket, a really Royal Henley, and garden parties, including a huge one at Windsor Castle. An illustration of one of the dresses, and a sunshade in lawn embroidered and Irish lace, is one of many such delightful dresses at many prices. The blouses are perfectly charming; so smart, so dainty, so fresh. Two that attracted me

speci-ally were of fine lawn, with either white lines in groups of five on a white ground, or with the lines in colour. The long turned-down Corsair collar was white, as was the double frill spreading out to either side of the neat front fold fastened with the trickiest of tiny buttons. There were dozens of different kinds of these sweet summer shirts, every one a beauty. The coats and skirts of cloth à cheval—a light material that washes perfectly—are great favourites with ladies who motor, and who like the freshness of washing fabrics. They are very stylish, and so well cut that they always look smart.

month, will go to a great house in dimensions and a great house in tradition. The Fitzwilliams date back very far in history. One of them fell under the displeasure of Henry VIII. for giving a kind welcome in his house to Cardinal Wolsey, in whose train he had been. He explained to the King that he acted from gratitude to an old master, not from contemptuous disobedience of his Majesty's orders. The King knighted him on the spot for his answer. All the men of the family (the late Earl had eight sons) bear the name of William, and all the women (he had six daughters) that of Mary. They have, of course, other names for everyday use. The house is immense. The Earl is a keen sportsman and

lover of adventure. He went on a quest

for buried treasure. He read, while quite a young man, an account of his own death in the hunting-field, where he had not even taken a fall. Lady Fitzwilliam is very *petite*, very bright and clever. They were married in St. Paul's Cathedral, which was invaded by West End society that day. Lady Fitzwilliam's sister and brother-in-law, Lord and Lady Southampton, were married in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. The Fitzwilliam son and heir, Viscount Milton, was born on the last day of 1910.

Summer Sunshine Clothes.

In the styles for the summer there is a certain delightful air of *négligé*. To suggest this and yet keep very smart and very neat and dainty is a difficulty—one which is, however, easily surmounted by the London Corset Company. They are now at home in their beautiful new salons in Hanover Street, Hanover Square. There they show not only the coolest, freshest, neatest, and most attractive of summer dresses, but they provide the way to wear them with effect. Their corsets are guaranteed to wear and fit, and are of such reasonable price that for twenty-five shillings they can be purchased with real whalebone. There is a most fascinating blouse, shown in an illustration, of white fine lawn, striped narrowly with pale mauve, and having the very latest thing in Robespierre collars, one which pulls out over the coat-collar and sits perfectly. It is most daintily finished with mauve-and-crystal buttons, with pipings of mauve silk, and with all those little touches that proclaim Parisian origin. A delightful dress for a young girl is of white Turkish towelling, the basqued and Vandyked coat-like blouse edged with pale blue, and the skirt having two Vandyked flounces similarly finished. It is quite simple, and yet so perfectly cut that it is very smart, and suitable, as are all these lingerie dresses, for the River and for Royal Henley. There are linen gowns made all in one, with neat little French touches about them, for 47s. 6d.; others more elaborate for five guineas. The cachet of all these things is that they are produced here and in Paris simultaneously; there is therefore no reason why London ladies should wait!

On Wednesday (the 19th) the Artists' Revel, which is always one of the most enjoyable of costume balls, is to be held by the London Art Students at the Botanic Gardens. This news is the more welcome as there was no Revel held there last year. All those who so thoroughly enjoyed themselves at the Covent Garden Revel in the early spring seem anxious to do so again, as there has already been a very great demand for tickets. Further particulars and tickets can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Miss Gladys Baly, 13A, Pembridge Place, Bayswater. Fancy dress is, of course, necessary, but Court dress, uniforms, Venetian cloaks, and so on will be included in that category.



BASQUED AND VANDYKED: A SMART COAT-LIKE BLOUSE IN WHITE TURKISH TOWELLING.

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WOMAN IN WHITE: A SUMMER FROCK AND SUNSHADE.

At the White House, New Bond Street.



WITH ROBESPIERRE COLLAR: A DAINTY BLOUSE IN WHITE AND MAUVE.

At the London Corset Company, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

A Great House. The King and Queen, when they visit Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam next

WAR UPON DEATH.

IF Faust had been alive to-day he might have been able to strike a less hard bargain with Mephistopheles. Indefinitely protracted youth is on offer from quite a number of sources, and Metchnikoff's new discovery, announced the other day, this new bacillus which we are to house, to the extermination of resident bacilli inimical to health and life—this is not the only but the newest offer. Of course, since death first came the race has been seeking to evade it. To banish dissolution of the human existence was as much the business of the alchemists as the conversion of any old thing into gold. Roger Bacon vowed to Pope Nicholas IV. that an aged Sicilian, finding buried a phial of solution of gold, had drunk it off and renewed his youth and beauty. And the learned Roger's support gave a distinct fillip to alchemy. Nobody doubted it then; even Sir Isaac Newton began his career as an alchemist! Raymond Lully declared spirit-of-wine the veritable elixir vite, but Paracelsus thought that there was an unknown superior element, from which life sprang, and by which it might be continued.

The most definite instructions for the mastering of approximate immortality were left by Arnold de Villeneuve, a notable philosopher and alchemist of the thirteenth century, who laid it down, according to Longeville Harcouet, that we must order ourselves in this wise. The person intending to prolong his life must rub himself well, two or three times a week, with the juice or marrow of cassia. Every night, upon going to bed, he must put upon his heart a plaster, composed of a certain quantity of Oriental saffron, red rose leaves, sandal-wood, aloes, and amber, liquefied in oil of roses, and the best white wax. In the morning, he must take it off, and enclose it carefully in a leaden box till night, when it must be again applied.

Your patient, if he be sanguine of temperament, shall take sixteen chickens; if phlegmatic, twenty-five; and if melancholy, thirty, which he shall put into a yard where the air and water are pure. Upon these he is to feed once a day—not, it is to be hoped, upon each bird. But, previously, the chickens must have been fattened by methods which will impregnate their flesh with the qualities which are to produce longevity in the eater. The important chickens are to be fed exclusively upon broth made of serpents and vinegar—such broth being thickened with wheat and bran. By some accident the author of this recipe for immortality is no longer with us, nor has been this last seven centuries. Many of his successors, too, got tired of living for ever—and died young.

Since then there have been many inventions centred about the philosopher's stone which never materialised, and the vitalising

drink that was never brewed. There were the sixteen good medical men and true of Charles II., who laid their King out with a whacking pill as funny as any of the merry monarch's own jokes—a pill comprising dust of topaz, jacinth, sapphire, ruby, pearl, emerald, coral, musk, ambergris, and a stone from the intestines of an animal. It killed the King, but the recipe of this "generous cardiac" lives for ever. There was Miguel Solis of San Salvador, certified by one of our crack medical papers to have been alive at 180 on his one meal a day; that meal limited to half-an-hour of sparing assimilatory exercise, and consisting, five days a week, of vegetable matter; the sixth and seventh including meat which had been roasted at least twenty-four hours before. But Solis simply lived without boast. It was our Bishop Berkeley, you will remember, who found the quintessential element which Paracelsus missed; it was tar-water.

In our own day the wise men have lifted up their voices. They will not let us die—in theory, at all events. There is Dr. C. W. Littlefield, of Alexandria, Ind., who, by the aid of "volatile magnetism," and a little table salt, recalls the departing spirit to her fleshly shroud. There is Dr. A. L. Kuliapko, of Moscow, who makes the dead heart live and resume its functions. There is Professor Loeb, of Chicago University, a really important figure in Transatlantic science, who says that a man is not a man for all that, but an agglomeration of electric cells, or nerves consisting of colloidal solution, whose particles carry positive electric charges. When these little batteries give out you die. Dr. Littlefield gives you a powder with a table-salt basis; Dr. Kuliapko titillates your heart; but Professor Loeb is the boy to recharge your accumulators.

But between these and Professor Metchnikoff comes Dr. Doyen, who, in his turn, announces the long-sought elixir of life—the term is his own. Two years ago he bade us put aside that tired feeling, take "mycolysine," which dissipates disease-germs—and keep on living. Following the lead of Metchnikoff, he is all for reinforcing the phagocytes in their benevolent pursuit of the bacilli of infectious and other disease.

Professor Loeb believes that his discovery gives us the key to the secret of eternal life; Metchnikoff simply tilts at the theory that "brief life is here our portion." Five years ago he called old age and death the results of the disharmonies of human nature, and was in quest of the due corrective. That, it would seem, he has found, as he hopes, in a bacillus developed by a diet comprising 4½ oz. of meat, 17½ oz. of sour milk, and various fruits and vegetables. The new bacillus is to do battle with the intestinal germs which are responsible for the outrageous slings and arrows of which old age is the target. Well, we shall see.

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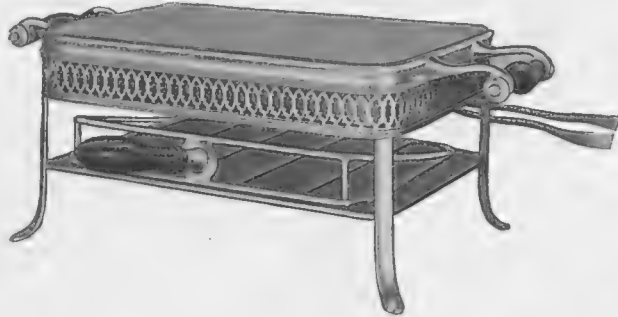
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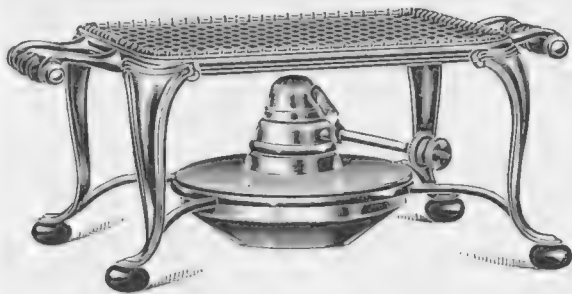
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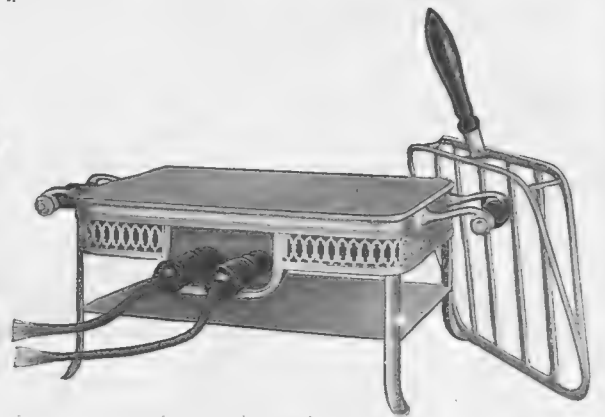


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There is ample evidence to show that the cream or butter found in the nuts of the karita tree was used by the Egyptian Princesses as a face cream, and is the secret of their wonderfully soft complexions, of which we read so much.

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£1000 INSURANCE. See page f.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with The Web of Beauty; Mortal Combat for Charity; In Summer Mood; The First Cloud; Mlle. Lipkowska; Monna Delza; The Day-Dreamer; The Glad Eye—of Other Days; "The Lady with the Raised Skirt"; "The Lady in the Cloak"; Miss Gabrielle Ray; Miss Phyllis Dare; The Nymph of the Stream; The Sunshine of Every Hour; The Busy Bee; Beauty and Speed; White-Winged Beauty; Miss Lily Elsie; Miss Phyllis Monkman; Youth; Childhood; Cheek! The Sea-Flower; From Tanagra to Tu-tu-Land; Matinée de Septembre.

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HOVE	
WORTHING	
LEWES	Trains leave Victoria at 9.0 (not Mons.) and 9.45 a.m., 12 noon, 1.25, 1.20, 5.20, 6.45, and 9.50 p.m.; London Bridge 9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.15, 2.0, 4.5, 5.5, 7.0, and 9.13 p.m. Week-days.
EASTBOURNE	Trains to Lewes and Eastbourne only from Victoria 11.15 a.m., 4.30, 5.45 (not Sats.), and 7.45 p.m. Week-days.
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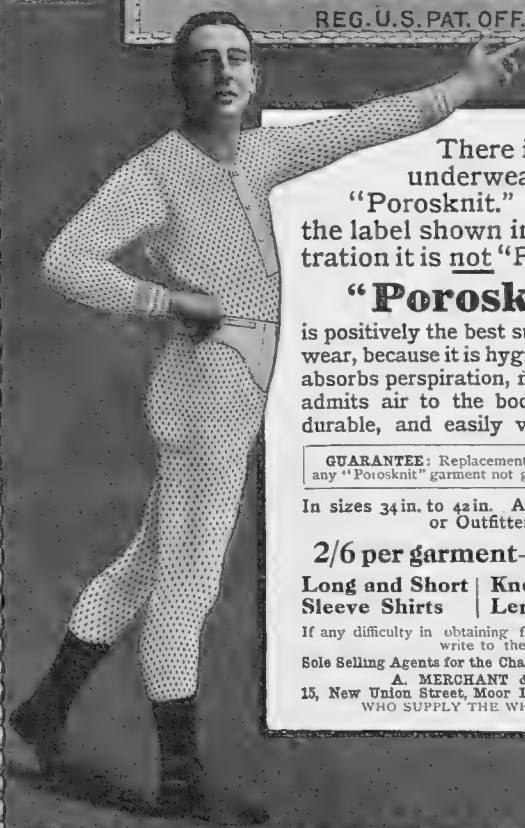
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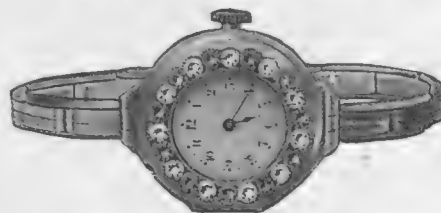
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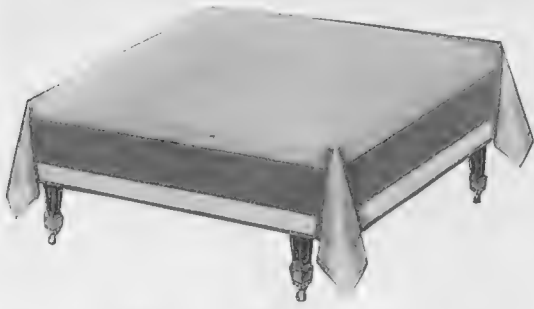


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Unique Specimen of Tea-Cloth. 
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*Walpole Brothers, Ltd.,
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announce the extension of their Underclothing,
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New Premises, Nos. 175, 176 Sloane Street, S.W.,
lately occupied by Messrs. Waring & Gillow, Ltd.*

*Arrangements had been made early in
the year to take possession, but, owing to
difficulties over lease, entry was obtained
the 1st of this month. Large stocks of Blouses,
Baby Linen, and Underclothing were bought
for the Spring Season, & they will be offered
for Sale for the first time on the 24th
instant at exceptionally low Prices.*

*In conjunction with the extension of the
Sloane Street branch, No 182 Sloane Street,
now being transferred to Nos 175, 176 Sloane Street,
Walpole Brothers have closed their No 6,
Onslow Place branch on account of its
contiguity to other important branches and
comparative smallness. The stock has been
transferred to 108, 110 Kensington High
Street, W., and 175, 176 Sloane Street, to be
Sold Off at Bargain Prices.*

**Sale
Commences
June 24.**

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**Sale
Commences
June 24.**

Selection Sent
on Approval.



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175, 176, SLOANE ST.,
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No. 43.—Fine quality real Filet and
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42 inches square.

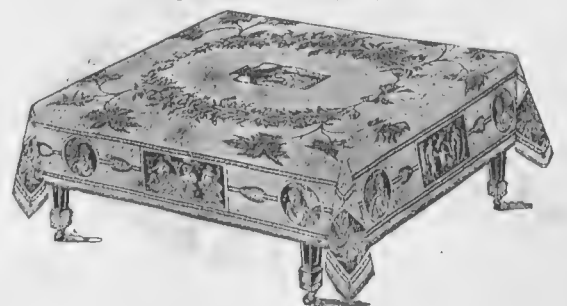
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Regular Price, £5 15 0

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Sale Prices } 19/3 23/9 28/6 32/- 38/6 51/9

Dinner Napkins to Match, 37/6 per dozen.



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Self-White-Colours & Printed-Designs

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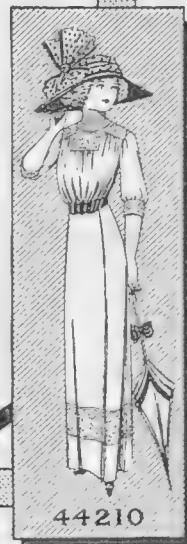
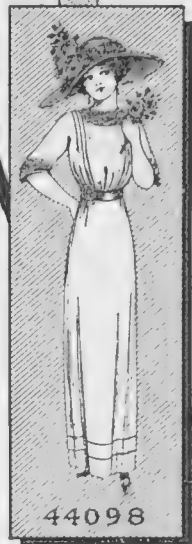
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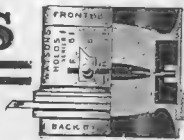
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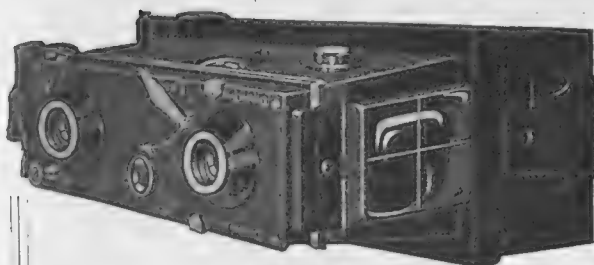
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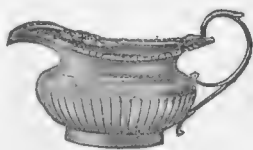
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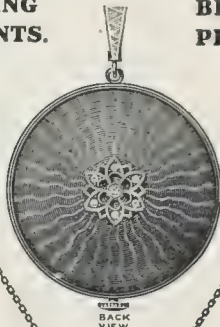


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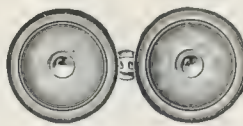


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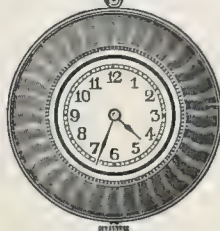
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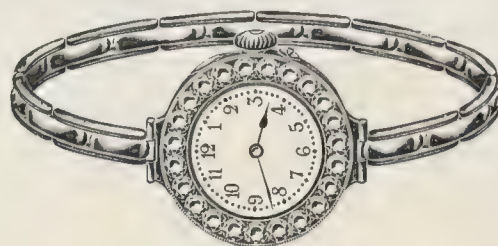
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Mr. O. V. Forbes, the controlling spirit of what is destined to be the largest consolidation in the boot industry of the United Kingdom, is descended from one of the oldest military families in Scotland. His grandfather amassed a huge fortune by acquiring the control of the Indigo trade in India, and his great-grandfather, Colonel Robert Skinner, who raised, equipped, and maintained a regiment of cavalry entirely at his own expense throughout the Mutiny, at one time possessed by far the largest private estate in India. In Mr. O. V. Forbes are combined the rare qualities of both these ancestors. He has the same indomitable will, the same restless ambition, and possibly an even greater capacity for concentrated and continuous work, but he has in addition an inventive genius which can be traced to no ancestor.

[Photograph by Lambert Weston.]

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No. 4



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Footwear



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In the Elliman R. E. P. Booklet (animal treatment) 72 pp., illustrated, may be found information on similar lines respecting Elliman's Royal Embrocation for use on animals, see—Sprains (pp. 5-11), Broken Knees (pp. 22-23), Blisters (pp. 26-27), Capped Hock or Elbow (p. 28), Common Cold (p. 45), Cough (p. 44), Cramp (p. 39), Rheumatism (p. 31), Single II wounds (p. 33), Injuries (pp. 13, 16, 24), Leg Swollen (pp. 37-38), Sore Back (p. 50), Sore Shoulders (p. 51), Sore Hocks (p. 30), Sore Hoof (pp. 33-34), Itch Galls (pp. 24-25), Catarrh of the Udder (pp. 53-54), Itch of the Skin (pp. 55-56), Suppuration of the Udder (pp. 57-58), of the Booklet to know the terms of issue of the large edition (250 pp., illustrated) of the Elliman R. E. P. Book (animal treatment). See [All rights reserved.]

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Made of Best Rolled
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of inestimable value. With the combination of Dunlop tyres and detachable wire wheels, the possibility of any trouble is rendered very remote, and, in case of trouble, no time is lost in remedying it. The wire wheels give to the tyres an added resilience, and greatly increase their durability.

Full particulars of Dunlop touring equipment in catalogue, post free.

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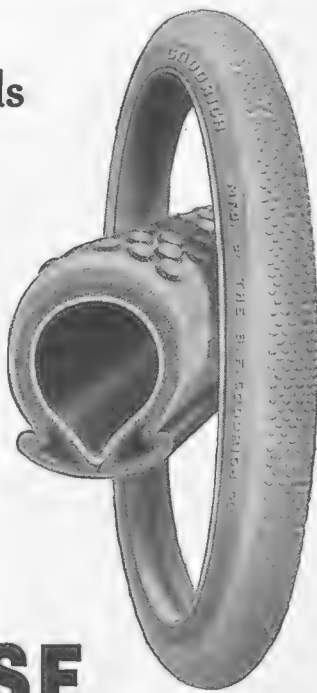


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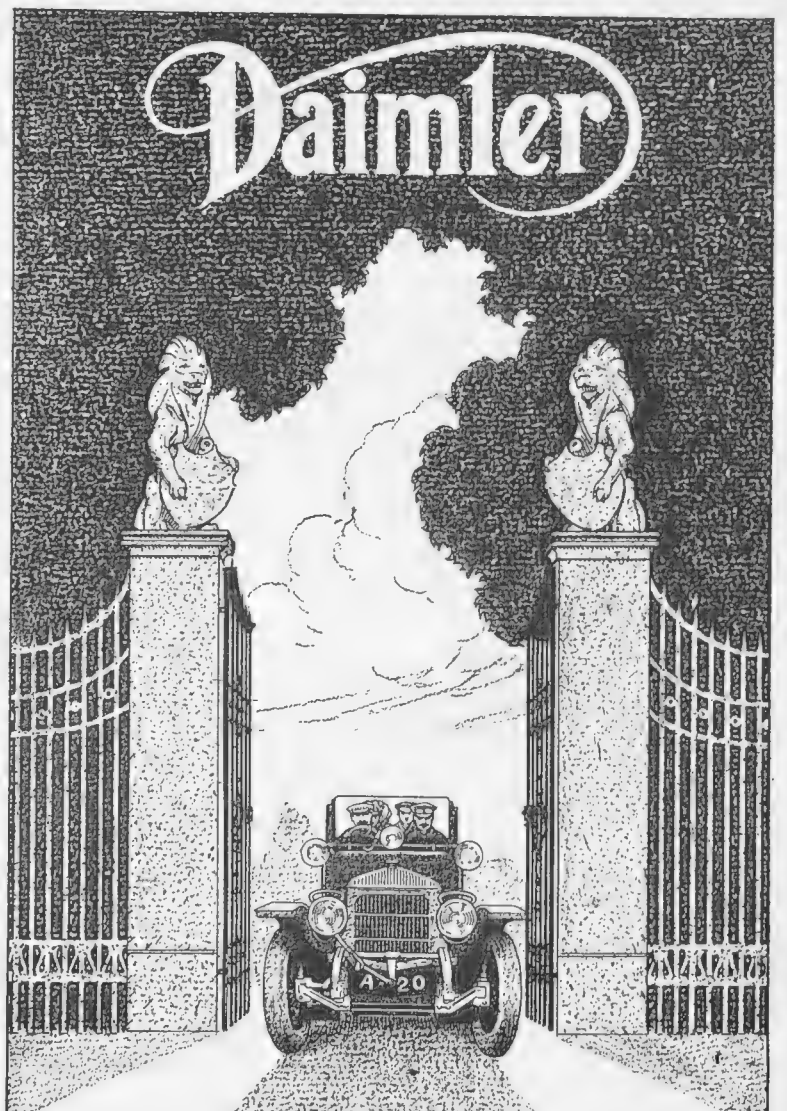
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For permanently curing double-chin and restoring the contour of the face caused by drooping muscles. Removes flabbiness under the chin.

Price 6/6



"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION

Is specially compounded to be used with this device, and never fails to restore the contour of the face.

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THIS unique preparation possesses marvellous properties. The skin absorbs it as a plant will absorb water; it feeds the tissues, and plumps them up; it cleanses the pores of all impurities, and whitens the skin, while it builds up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles disappear, hollows cease to exist, and unnatural depressions regain their proper form.

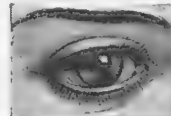
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- LASH TONIC Powerful Producer of Eyelashes. Price 2/6
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FITTED FOR 6 PERSONS.

CONTENTS.

12 Table Forks	£1	5	0
6 Table Spoons	0	12	6
6 Dessert Spoons	0	10	0
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REPORT OF THE THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

OF

FORBEC**The ROYALTIES SYNDICATE Ltd****FORBEC**Offices: **CARLTON HOUSE, LOWER REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON, S.W****Mr. O. V. Forbes**

the Chairman, presided over a large attendance of Shareholders.

The Chairman commenced his remarks by saying that, as the Shareholders knew, this Syndicate was a purely development parent Syndicate (not a Trading one) formed with a Capital of £30,000, all of which had been subscribed privately by the Directors and their friends, for the development of the Forbec System of boot and shoe manufacture, which is covered by nearly one hundred patents.

He said that the Forbec System might very briefly be described as consisting of, firstly, an entirely new and scientific process of treating leather; secondly, new and vastly improved machinery and manufacturing methods; and, thirdly, an entirely new type of boot.

Patents have been granted in all the principal countries of the world, including Germany and the United States, in both of which countries the searches made by the Patent Office are extremely thorough and rigorous.

The System had been perfected in every detail, and standardised from the first step to the last, by the expenditure of many thousands of pounds, with the advice and assistance of some of the ablest and most experienced manufacturers in Europe and America.

By the leading Authorities in the Boot Trade it is regarded as marking a new and veritable epoch in the history of this Industry. By the leading organs of the British Press it has been described as "one of the most important and far-reaching inventions of modern times."

By an International Jury composed of the foremost authorities of the Boot Trade of Europe it was unanimously awarded the Gold Medal at the Turin Grand International Exhibition, 1911.

After exhaustive trials and investigations, many of the leading manufacturers in Europe and America, including the two biggest manufacturers in the world, had decided to adopt the Forbec System and Machinery in their factories, and most of the leading British Tanners, together with the largest Tanners in India and the East, had expressed their willingness to treat their leather by the Forbec process.

Although he was very averse to any reference to his own work, he felt that it would be an injustice to his co-director, and right-hand man,

Mr. J. W. Bird

if he did not make some allusion to the work which they had succeeded in accomplishing in face of great difficulties.

During the preceding year they had been concentrating their attention upon the construction of a foundation as firm and as solid, he ventured to think, as any Development Syndicate had ever had upon which to found

A WORLD-WIDE INDUSTRY

Not only had numerous conferences been held with many of the leading manufacturers of the United Kingdom, but their hearty co-operation had also been secured, and manufacturing arrangements had been made for the adoption of the Forbec System of manufacture in their factories and for the manufacture on royalty, under licence, of Forbec Footwear at a minimum rate of 1,000,000 pairs per annum, on which the profit from royalties alone would be over £60,000 per annum whenever the Development Syndicate felt the time was ripe for their conversion into a large trading Company. Valuable arrangements had also been made with the most important Shoe Machinery Company in the United Kingdom, and one of the largest firms of rubber heel manufacturers in the world had agreed to supply the necessary machinery and plant for manufacturing rubber heels on the Forbec System, and to give the Syndicate the benefit of its world-wide selling organisation. Provision had also been made for an unlimited extension of these

agreements as and when required. But they had carried their preparations even further than that, for they had succeeded in collecting an Advisory Board composed of

EXPERTS AND AUTHORITIES

in the Boot Trade whose names alone would be a guarantee of success to anything connected with this Trade. In short, the foundation had been securely and firmly laid for the construction of by far the strongest and

BIGGEST CONSOLIDATION

that has ever been seen in the Boot Trade of this country.

He had commenced his speech with the statement that until the preceding day he thought that the business of the Syndicate was on the eve of being brought to a successful issue. He felt that it was necessary to amplify that statement to some extent, though inadvisable for obvious reasons to say very much. In view of what had been accomplished, it would probably not surprise the shareholders if he were to inform them that they had recently been in close touch with certain large financial houses with a view to the conversion of the Syndicate into a large Public Company.

Among those with whom the directors had had negotiations was the

Imperial and Foreign Corporation Ltd

Influenced by the financial position of this Corporation, by the standing of its directors, of whom

Lord Balfour of Burleigh

was one and

Mr. Austen Chamberlain M.P

was another, and not least by the anxiety and keenness which its Managing Director, Mr. Herbert Guedalla, displayed to undertake the whole business—to this end he insisted upon the directors of the Syndicate discontinuing all other negotiations—arrangements were entered into for the conversion of the Syndicate into a Public Company with a working capital of £500,000. The directors of the Syndicate were expecting everything to be finally arranged in the course of a day or two, when yesterday they received a most extraordinary and inexplicable letter from the Managing Director of the Corporation, to which they immediately replied that they were amazed at its contents, which they were quite at a loss to understand.

More than that he did not think it wise to say at that moment on the point. He might, however, without any apprehension, briefly refer to some of the salient points of the prospectus which had been prepared, as it would probably constitute the minimum basis of all future negotiations (if any were necessary). Although a working capital of

£500,000

might appear to be a very large sum to those who had not yet realised the progress that had been made, he assured them that it was not one penny too much for the work which lay immediately in front of them. If they took merely the actual orders which had already been received by the Syndicate itself, **without a single advertisement in the daily Press**, the gross profit on the sale of the orders through the Company's own shops, coupled with the royalties on an adoption of any one of the Forbec inventions alone by only one per cent. of the Trade, would amount to £178,853. After setting aside an

amount on the most liberal scale for establishment, advertisement, and all other expenses, and a substantial reserve fund, the net profit would be sufficient to allow of the payment of a dividend of nearly five per cent. on the proposed capital of the Company,

£900,000

But if that could be achieved by a small Company without any advertising, what would any reasonable man expect from a Company of the size and importance of the one to which he had just referred? If the amount were multiplied by five in the first year, he did not think that anyone could accuse him of undue optimism. There were also, in addition, the very large profits derivable from the contracts with the Navy, Army, Territorial forces, and other Government Departments, etc., which he had not taken into account in the figures which he had just given.

In conclusion, he did not think he could give them better illustrations of the potential value of the Forbec assets than those which the Boot Trade itself afforded. The machine-sewn welt, although introduced to manufacturers only about ten years ago, had been adopted by more than 75 per cent. of the Trade to which it was applicable. The attaching of heels to boots by machinery, introduced about nine years ago, had now been adopted by about 90 per cent. of the Trade. And an adoption of any of the Forbec inventions by only 25 per cent. of the Trade would produce in royalties, already fixed, with the largest manufacturers in the United Kingdom an income of over

£1,000,000 a year

Having regard, however, to the numerous and striking advantages of the Forbec system of manufacture, its general adoption throughout the Boot Trade of the country was, in the opinion of the foremost Trade authorities and those best qualified to know, a foregone conclusion. This conclusion was, moreover, supported by the extraordinarily favourable notices which their inventions had already received from the entire Trade Press and many other well-known papers.

The shareholders themselves could form a very good estimate as to what this would mean from the facts and figures which he had already given them, and he would only supplement them by briefly referring to a few others which emphasised in a striking manner the magnitude of the Boot and Shoe industry of this country.

The value of the boots and shoes used in the United Kingdom exceeded the sum of

£45,000,000 A YEAR

which represented the manufacture and sale of 100,000,000 pairs. One London firm alone sold during the year 1910, 4,607,997 pairs of boots and shoes. On a sale through the Company's own shops of the same number of boots the gross profits would be over £1,100,000. Including repairs, over 300,000,000 pairs of leather heels were used annually in Great Britain. Of rubber heels alone one firm sold last year over 20,000,000 pairs. The sale of the same number of the Forbec rubber heels would mean a profit of over £250,000 per annum.

Concluding, the Chairman said that, in spite of what had been achieved, the directors were not even now resting on their oars, but were still working at high pressure, and he hoped before long that he would be in a position to definitely announce to them that all their efforts had been crowned with success.

The usual formal business was then transacted, and the meeting closed with a very hearty and enthusiastic vote of thanks to the Board and to the Chairman.

For full particulars of the **NATIONAL** importance and value of the **Forbec Inventions** call or write, **Carlton House, Lower Regent Street, S.W. (top of Waterloo Place)**



A Famous Leading Lady



Photo. Bassano.

Nervous Fatigue, Neuralgia, Headaches—

It is the bright, intelligent women who want to know *how* the beauty, charm, and energy of such a distinguished favourite as Miss Florence Smithson, or Miss Lily Elsie, withstand the most exhausting activities, and so the admission that Phosferine provides both of these ladies with their exceptional nervous energy, reveals to every woman *how* to keep youth, beauty, and vigour. Public success exacts constant efforts, yet Miss Smithson declares *how* for years Phosferine has protected her against nervous fatigue, and proved a strengthening restorative after the exhaustion of prolonged acting and singing. Such, indeed, is the fame of Miss Smithson's exquisite singing, that her evidence of the voice and nerve steadying virtues of Phosferine is proof that this talented lady finds the famous tonic as beneficial as does the lovely Miss Lily Elsie.

Easily Overcome and Withstood.

Miss Florence Smithson (the distinguished leading lady of the Shaftesbury Theatre, London), writes:—"I have used Phosferine for years, and am never without it. Especially in the theatre, I have found it exceedingly useful in strengthening the system against fatigue, and an excellent restorative after prolonged singing and acting. In neuralgic attacks and headaches it has also proved very beneficial. I feel assured the good health I enjoy and immunity against nervous troubles is largely due to its regular use."

PHOSFERINE

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
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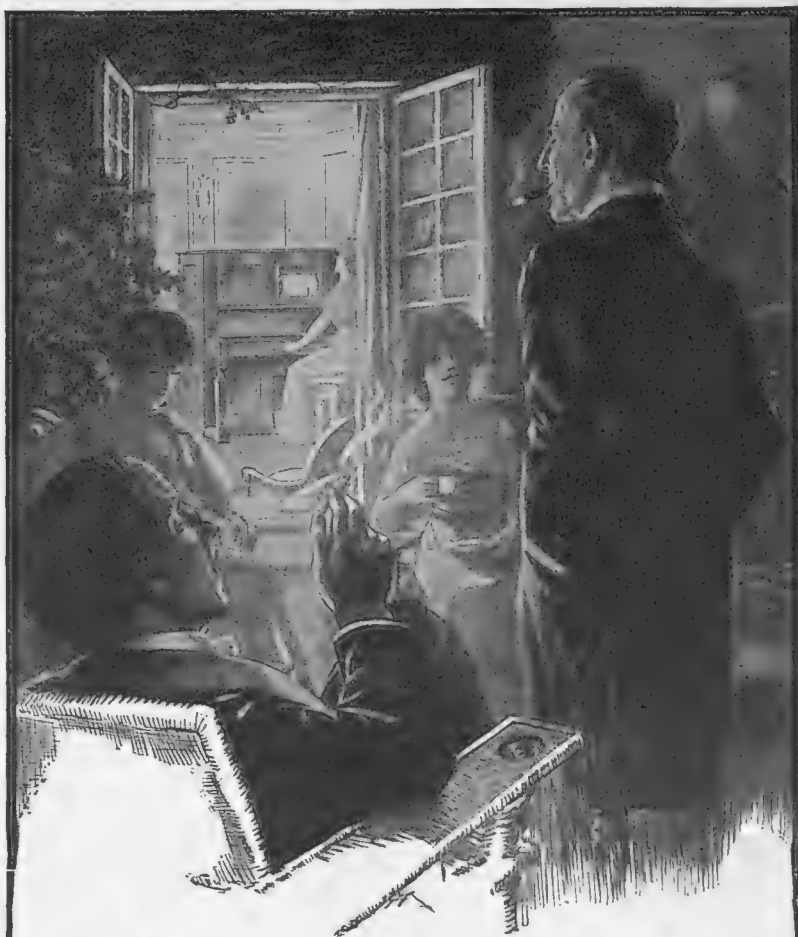


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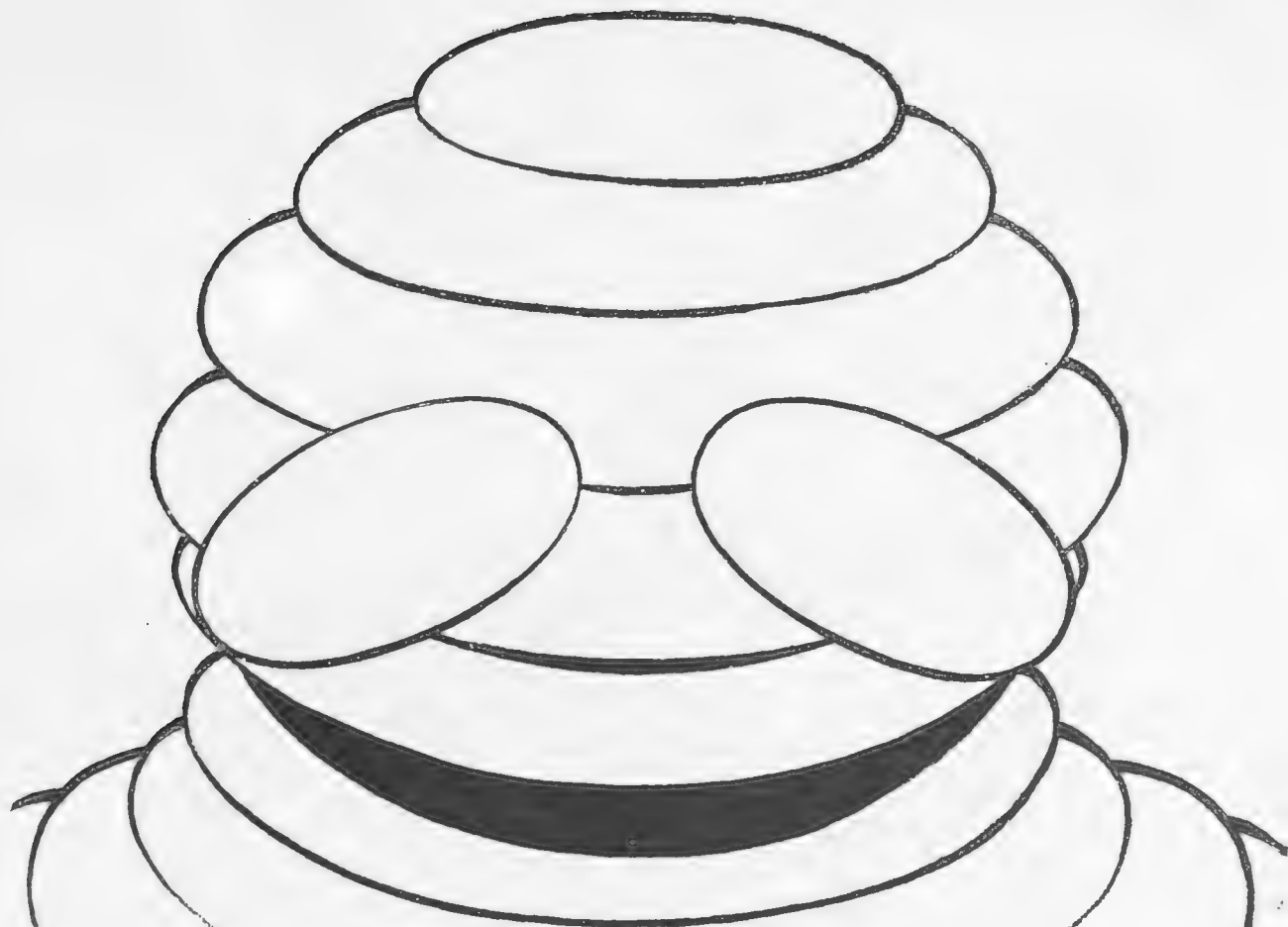


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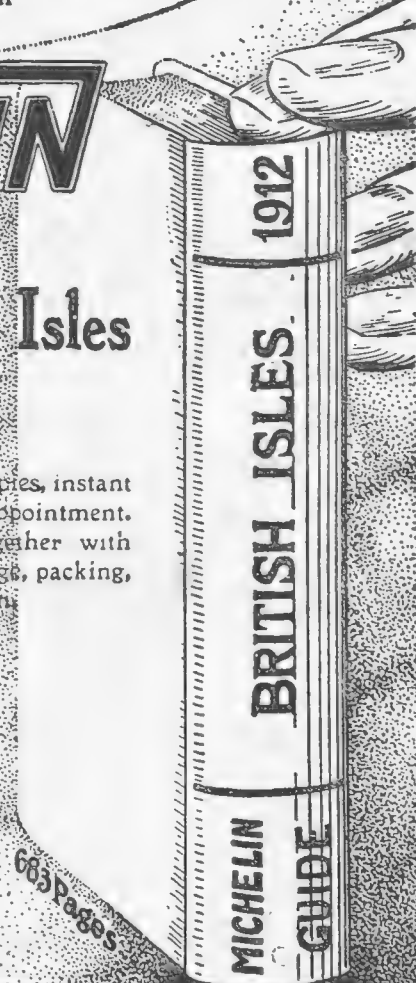
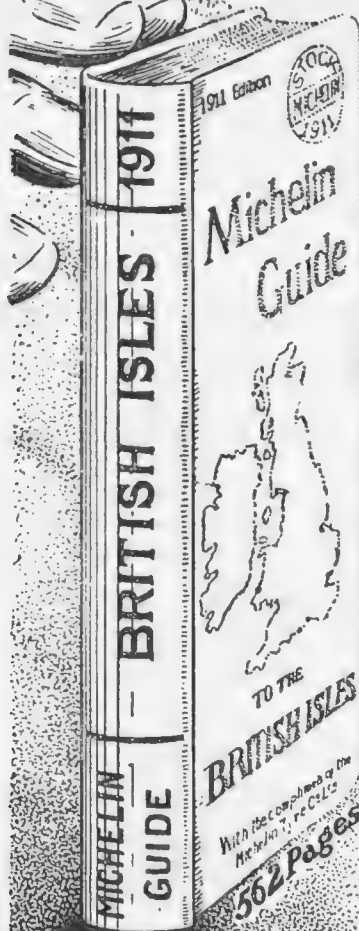
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

B.S.A. Sweetness and Silence. The qualities of sweetness and silence are possessed by a car on which I enjoyed an interesting trial run a short time ago, and the moderate price of which brings it within the means of many more people than the leviathan whose hill-climbing feat is chronicled on a previous page. I mean the one-type car now made by the Birmingham Small Arms Company, of Sparkbrook, Birmingham, which is akin to the big car already referred to, inasmuch as it is fitted with a four-cylinder sleeve-valve Knight-Daimler engine. It is offered at a price which withstands much foreign competition, while the guarantee of the great engineering firm responsible for its production should always sway the purchaser to the home-grown product. Moreover it is, by reason of its quiet running, its wonderful handiness, its lightness, a car *par excellence* for the man of moderate means, for quietude of running, easy steering, and lightness mean tyre economy all the time. In cutting down weight, the designers have caused the lightened parts to be formed from much higher grades of steel than those generally used in motor-car construction. Let would-be purchasers rise superior to the glamour of cheap foreign productions, and, turning their eyes homewards, realise the qualities and worth of the B.S.A.

Wilbur Wright. The words "Death of Wilbur Wright" on the evening posters suggested at once that this great pioneer had come to a regrettable and sudden end by an accident in connection with one of the machines for the practical existence of which to-day he and his brother are so largely responsible. But this was quickly found not to be the case, for it appeared, upon further investigation, that, so far from falling a victim to an aeroplane accident, he had succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever. Of late the Wright Brothers have been somewhat out of the picture, except for occasional rumours of secret experiments of a character which, if successful, might alter the whole aspect of aviation. The sudden announcement of the death of the elder brother was therefore the greater shock, as it might well put an end to trials which were fraught with so much interest. It is only now that his great services to aviation are likely to be realised, for, as the *Auto* points out, *three years* before Henry Farman was awarded the *Grand Prix*

for flying but a little over half-a-mile in a circle, Wilbur Wright had flown distances of over twenty miles again and again. Aviation has suffered a great loss in the death of this soundly scientific and fearless American.

A Stitch in Time. The wonderful durability of Goodrich tyres argues a profound knowledge of the materials of which these articles are manufactured. This admitted, it will be allowed that such knowledge must also suggest the best material for repairs, and if the motorist is to get the best out of his tyres—even Goodrich—he must keep them in repair. It is truly often a difficult problem to a motorist to know how best to deal satisfactorily with small surface-cuts in covers. If neglected, water and grit, sooner or later, attain to the casing, and a more or less expensive repair to a weakened or burst casing is rendered imperative. It is well known that, in obedience to capillary attraction, water will follow the thread of a fabric, as oil travels up a wick, which accounts for much unexpected tyre-trouble. In this connection, then, a thoroughly effective tyre-cement, which will permanently seal these minor cuts, has been a long-felt want. By the light of their profound experience, the B. F. Goodrich Co., Ltd., of 117-123, Golden Lane, E.C. have now put a perfect plastic rubber cement, called "Stayput," upon the market, and this is what motorists should use as a stitch in time.

A Crossley Achievement. Only the best is expected from any mechanical production that bears the great name of Crossley, and the reputation that has been achieved the world over by the famous Manchester firm in the matter of their gas-engines is by no means shamed whenever their motor-cars take the field. On Thursday, June 6, Mr. G. Hubert Woods was testing a 20-h.p. Crossley up the Test Hill at Brooklands, and as the car appeared to Major Lloyd, the managing director of the Track, to make a very fast ascent, he suggested that Mr. Woods should make an attempt on the record for the hill, which has for a long period stood to the credit of a 60-h.p. Napier. Nothing loth, Mr. Woods at once agreed, and, making the attempt, climbed the steep slope from a standing start, at the astonishing speed of 23½ miles per hour, at the first attempt. This speaks volumes for the wonderful acceleration powers of this car, of which I am sure we shall hear more before the Brooklands racing season is brought to a close this year.

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SIRDAR TYRES	.	.	.	Won't burst,
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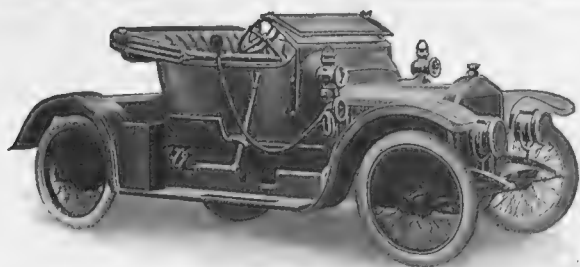
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Refer to any user, all of whom are more than satisfied, including The Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Co., Ltd., S. F. Edge, Ltd., The London County Council, H. M. War Office, and The Admiralty, &c., &c.

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THEY ARE ALL-BRITISH,				and superior to others, but less in price.
INSIST UPON	.	.	.	your agent supplying them even if his is a "tied house"; or we can supply from stock at any of our Depots.

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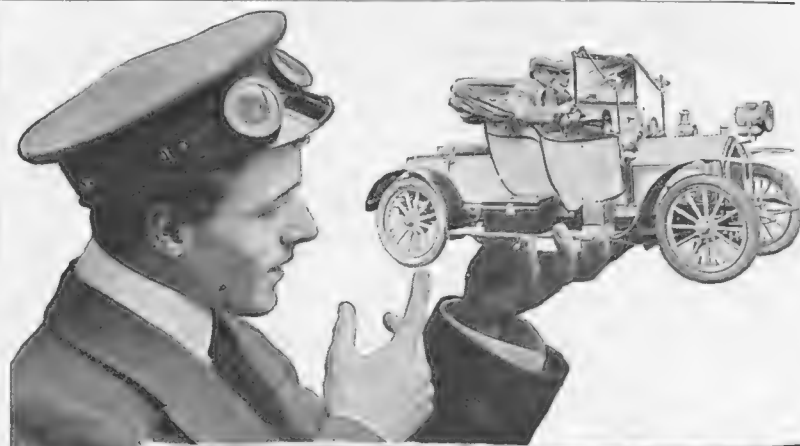
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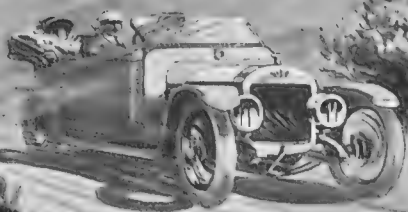
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B.S.A. AGENTS.

This week we give a further list of B.S.A. district agents, from whom full information respecting the B.S.A. car can be obtained.

CAMBRIDGE—Cambridge: E. T. Saint & Co., Ltd., 99, Regent Street.

CHESHIRE—Chester: J. A. Lawton & Co., Westminster Works, Northgate Street.

DERBYSHIRE—Derby: Mr. A. A. Andrews, London Road.

DEVONSHIRE—Plymouth: Mr. Walter Williams, 118, Tavistock Road.

DURHAM—Darlington: Messrs. George & Joblin, Blackwellgate.

ESSEX—Halstead: Mr. H. Cooper, 13, High Street.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE—Cheltenham: Messrs. Haines & Strange, 19, Albion Street.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO., LTD.,
Motor Department, SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM.

THE MUSICAL NEIGHBOURS.

BY E. TREEBY.

HE was a bachelor and lived alone in a certain select neighbourhood, grinding patiently at music-teaching as a bridge to the more glorious achievements of musical composing, and a weary, thankless task he found it, for the average soul to the bulk of stodgy juvenile body was infinitesimal, but it meant bread and butter, and he lived chiefly on hope and ambition. . . . There were several compositions by Paul Dane Towzer which had been very favourably commented on by the critics.

For the rest, he wore his hair long, possessed a certain soulful, melancholy type of handsomeness, which went a long way with mothers when they were interviewing him as a prospective master for their Cyrils and Gwendolines.

One evening, after a long day, he dropped at last into an arm-chair in his den with a pipe and a sigh of weary relief.

Presently a delightful sensation stole over him; delicious strains of music were coming in through the jerry-built walls from next door.

"Beethoven! Why, I thought the house was empty," he gasped, in surprise. He leant back in his chair, his eyes shut and a look of ecstatic bliss on his countenance.

"What technique, what style, what soul!" he murmured, when it was finished. "The Master played by a master-hand!" With his eyes still closed, he put out his hand and pressed the bell.

Just as Mrs. Mellon, his housekeeper, came in, the next-door piano had started again. He held up his hand for silence.

"Well, Sir, you might have more thought," she burst out, "than to call me up just now, in the midst of your dinner, and me with no maid to help, too—"

"Hush; wait until this stops," he implored, and, speechless with wrath and astonishment, she obeyed.

"When did they come in?" Towzer asked, when the last strains had died away.

"Well, considering I have no help in the housework, you can't expect me to know much that goes on around. Why, I was only able to count up to four vans this morning, and couldn't watch all of them emptied. All I know is, that she's a widow lady, awfully well off; he was something in the pork line; and she has four children, regular limbs; they've been over our fence for the cricket-ball ten times already. She keeps three maids and a governess, and they're going to have veal for dinner. She can't have much thought, making them cook a dinner moving-day and all. And now I've got to go to my chops, Sir, if you please—I

aint got time for gossiping, if some people have." He hurriedly waved permission for her to go.

Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1 had begun, which Towzer followed breathlessly, and finally, to complete his enslavement, his own little "Reverie in G" rendered as he had never heard it before.

"Enchanting, exquisite!" he cried. "Oh, divine and gifted one, whoever you are, play on. . . ." But the instrument next door remained mute for the rest of the evening.

Towzer wrestled all through that night in the throes of composition, with a "Reverie" which he dedicated to the unknown before he put a note on paper.

He diligently commenced to study the *personnel* of the next-door family. His bedroom window overlooked their back garden, and his sitting-room their front entrance, so he very soon knew the whole household intimately by sight, but it was hard to place the performer with the Soul.

The mother, and head of the household, was a large, stout woman, whose gowning was both startling and costly. It was not any of the children, because time after time, he heard them ordered in to practise, one after the other, and got to know Ruby's touch from Joe's, and Harry's from Bob's—and to dread them all.

Besides the servants, there only remained the governess, a tall, pale, thin, ethereal, worried-looking girl. Towzer felt intuitively it was She, and she soon became the well and mainspring of all his humble efforts.

He wooed her through his piano. At dusk, when the last pupil had departed, he would play, pouring out all his heart and soul into the melodies. Night after night he did so with no response, until, one never-to-be-forgotten evening, there came answering strains from next door. He had established communication!

From that time, every evening for an hour or two, the quaintest duet in the world went on.

Towzer grew feverish and lost his appetite with worry and excitement. His whole energy was now exerted in one direction—to get acquainted with his love, and charm her away from those Goths.

It was living with that coarse, common crew that took away the bloom from her cheeks and made her eyes dull and listless. He could see that plainly, but he was too painfully shy to make any advances.

One early morning, he was out in his long, narrow strip of back garden, inhaling the dew-laden air, when he suddenly became aware that She was in the next garden, doing the same thing. His heart nearly stood still with excitement.

[Continued overleaf.]



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Each of these great gifts is yours when you possess an Angelus—the wonderful control of all the resources of the Piano, the sympathetic touch upon the keys, the note of individuality. They are achieved largely by the marvellous and unique patented Angelus Expression Devices, the **Melodant**, **Phrasing Lever**, and the **Artistyle**, without which the greatest musicians have admitted that a musical rendering of all music is impossible.

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An Inlet of the Sea at Parknasilla.

Photo. Lawrence, Dublin.

Parknasilla on the Sea Coast near Killarney.

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Continued.]

"What should he do?" He looked around his weedy, dilapidated flower-beds for a suitable offering, but there was nothing. He was distracted. Suddenly he caught sight of two or three carefully tended pot-plants on his housekeeper's window-sill; there was one beautiful damask rose-bud just opening.

In a minute he had picked it and shyly flung it over the fence at the feet of the pale governess in the next garden. She raised dull-looking eyes to his in a glance of astonished wonder, and just opened her mouth to speak, when two windows were simultaneously raised and the substantial widow called out sharply from the one next door: "Alice, I want you at once"; while his housekeeper screeched something out of the other.

He fled, and, barricading himself in his room, worked hard at an original fantasia on "Alice, Where art Thou?" The next day he played it several times, but there came no answering response from next door.

"They are keeping her from me," he groaned; "her soul would answer mine if it were free. Oh, Alice, my love, answer me," he cried, in a wild burst of longing.

He listened intently, and presently came the sound of five-finger exercises, slowly and laboriously worked out by clumsy fingers, and he frantically rushed away out of the house.

His adored one never touched the instrument for some days after this, although he frequently heard the widow calling Bob and Ruby to come in and practise. He spent the time in composing a "Love's Message," which he copied out in his blackest ink, and, tying it with a dainty bow of silk ribbon, surreptitiously threw it into the open window of the drawing-room next door and waited with a beating heart for something to happen.

He waited nearly a week, and then one evening came faint trembling notes from the next house, and the piano, guided by his dear love's hands, sang back his "Message" to him; it grew stronger and louder, as if the player gained in confidence every moment.

With a cry of rapture, Towzer, aroused out of his habitual shyness and diffidence, tore from the room and out of the house, but when he got to the next front gate, his feverish courage had almost ebbed away and he could hardly force himself to enter and give his timid knock upon the open door.

Nobody answered him; the house seemed empty and deserted but for the strains of music still trembling on the air.

He knocked again and then he entered. Guided by the sounds, he found his way into the drawing-room, meeting nobody *en route*. The room was in a soft gloom, and he could just see a dim, absorbed form at the instrument at the other end.

There was a shrill scream as he crossed the room impetuously and put his arms about her.

"Alice," he cried; "I cannot be in suspense any longer; be mine, my heart's dear one, as you are already mine in spirit—"

"Mary, not Alice, dear," murmured the widow, softly, from his shoulder. Stunned and speechlessly helpless, he mechanically held the stout, drooping burden in his arms.

"Listen," she said coyly, as, leaning against his breast, she let her hands wander over the instrument, and his "Message" broke forth again.

"Oh," she went on with a large sigh when it was finished, as she caught his hand in both of hers, "I think you are the cleverest man that ever lived; you will become famous. I will put the children to boarding-school, and we will go to Italy together—I have plenty of money for us both. Poor, dear fellow, you want taking care of. Oh, won't I look after you!—and how our souls will expand in that sunny land of song! Dearest, our life will be one long, sweet duet together. . . ."

"It has been no end of a bother, and there's many who will say I could have done better with my chances, but I was determined it should be something genteel this time," said the stout bride-elect to herself as she brushed her back hair in front of her mirror that night, after the bewildered Towzer had been carefully despatched home. "He may be a fool, but there's no denying there is something uncommon and clean about music—"

"What useful little things, those self-playing pianos are!" she added, after a pause.

In our Issue of May 29 were illustrations of a number of "freak" feasts, including a banquet in a lions' den at Bostock's, given by an amateur trainer. This was Mr. G. Tyrwhitt-Drake, F.Z.S., who is believed to be the only amateur lion-tamer. His large private menagerie, at Cobtree Manor, Maidstone, is open one day a week for charity. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake is also Hon. Secretary of the Amateur Menagerie Club, of which Lord Lilford is President, and the Earl of Altamont, Vice-President. Among other well-known members are Sir Claud Alexander, Bt., and the Hon. Walter Rothschild. The object of the Club is to encourage the keeping of wild animals and birds by private people, and to circulate advice and information. The Club's Year-book for 1912, which can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., contains some interesting illustrated articles by owners of wild animals.

It often happens

that when you are taking tea with a friend—or refreshments during a tennis or boating party—something gets knocked over and your best frock is stained. The reliable remedy in such cases is the "Achille Serre Process."

This process has been specially adapted for just such unfortunate accidents. It removes stains of every description—from ink to ices—and is harmless to all ordinary fabrics. The cost of thoroughly cleaning in this way, including the removal of all spots and stains, is quite small, and it will enable you to continue wearing clothes which would otherwise be useless.

If you have a dress which has suffered in this way, send it to us and let us prove our claims. In any case, it is worth your while to write for our descriptive booklet and keep it handy for reference. "Accidents will happen," and one never knows just when to expect them.

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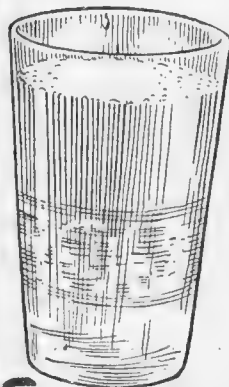
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Ginger Ale



Made from pure spring water, and the choicest of spices, it is more than merely wholesome. It is actively healthful. Its exhilarating tingle gives an edge to appetite. The pungency of genuine ginger aids digestion.

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Specialists in the Manufacture of
DRESSING BAGS and CASES.

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR WEDDING OR OTHER PRESENTATION.

Gentleman's Case fitted with a full Set of Silver-mounted Toilet Bottles of convenient size and finest make.



The above New design of a very handsome Gentleman's Case, 24 inches long, of finest golden-brown Crocodile, the lining and all the leather fittings being of selected REAL Pigskin. The toilet bottles are all mounted with heavy silver, hair brushes and clothes brushes also of silver. The entire set, made throughout at **London Works**, is very beautifully engine turned, as design shows. Price, including a best mail cover with leather corners (net cash) **£52 10 0**

One hundred Gentlemen's Cases in stock at prices from **£7 10s.** upwards, all of Drew's guaranteed quality.

Customers' OLD BAG FITTINGS MADE AS NEW, and adapted to Cases of Newest Design. Plans and Estimates Free.

DREW & SONS, Also **PATENT "EN ROUTE" PATENT WOOD**
Makers of **TEA & LUNCHEON BASKETS** **FIBRE TRUNKS**

punch punch punch punch

AN epitome of all
the principal hap-
penings in Parliament
is given in

PUNCH

The entertaining style
in which it is
written im-
parts interest
& brightness
to the dullest
debate.



Keep yourself well-informed
by ordering "PUNCH"
from your Newsagent to-day.

punch punch punch punch

Continued from page 368.]

Heavy though they may be, Hudson's Bays have excellent possibilities of putting on £20 to their present figure. They are so expensive to contango that the speculator may well hesitate before buying, but the investor who will pay for them is not likely to go far wrong in buying Bays.

Don't sell electric lighting shares just now. There are very good reasons for the belief that this Market may develop unexpected popularity, though perhaps they may take time to mature.

THE NEED OF THE JOBBER.

The discussion which the introduction of the minimum scale of commission among members of the Stock Exchange has brought about has naturally led up to the often-disputed point as to the necessity of the jobber or dealer, and the "turn" which he exacts as the price of his services, and our powerful contemporary the *Daily Mail* is carrying out a most interesting experiment with a view to showing that neither the broker nor the jobber is required for the buying and selling of stocks and shares.

So long as the *Daily Mail* is conducting the experiment there is no doubt that a considerable volume of business can be done, because of the great publicity which its large circulation gives to the sale and purchase wants of its readers, but it would be a very different thing if those wants had to be satisfied without the publicity facilities now being afforded by our contemporary. Candidly, it seems to us that for the public to expect to be able to buy and sell its stocks and shares without the interposition of the broker and free of charge is a Utopian idea never likely to be realised in practice; while as for one broker dealing direct with another broker, it is a method not infrequently adopted now, and the only inconvenience suffered is the delay in finding the necessary buyer or seller.

Assuming the price is quoted at, say, 25s. for a share to-day, by the time the seller could find a buyer it may have altered either up or down, so that no person could tell what he would get until the actual bargain was struck, while in many stocks, weeks might elapse before the commodity was turned into money. Suppose the holder of some P. and O. Deferred had offered to sell at, say, 200, how pleased he would have been when, a few days afterwards, his offer was accepted, and in the meanwhile the price had jumped to £250! What would he have saved by trying to deal direct? We need say little as to the carrying out of bargains by people who have no idea how to set about the business—the question of delivery and payment, the question of ex and cum dividend, and a heap of other matters which, in our opinion, will very soon drive the majority of mankind back to the old employment of the expert

and the middleman to do their business for a reasonable remuneration. In speculative stocks the direct market is, of course, hopeless from the rapidity of fluctuation, while in even quiet, steady-going concerns the inconveniences will, we think, soon outweigh the advantages.

Saturday, June 15, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

WIDBOO.—See answer to "Artear" in our last issue, and the Notes in the same issue. We think the Tram issues quite a good holding.

C. L. S.—We have written you fully as to what we think will be the powers of the Irish Parliament under the Home Rule Bill if carried in its present shape. The provisions are complicated, and we hope we have read the clauses rightly; but it is more a matter of law than of finance.

A. C. T.—(1) The American Freehold Land Mortgage Company Preference stock is a first-rate holding, but you will probably be unable to buy any (2) Liverpool Nitrate Company; or see "Q's" note last week on Nitrates. We can add nothing to the advice given then.

LEEDS.—Certainly don't touch the offer. How can you be so foolish as to believe the sort of rubbish these touts send?

ABLE.—(1) Sanitas shares, or some of the other Industrials mentioned last week.

E. J.—Lady's Pictorial Preference shares are the best security to pay the rate you want.

AFRICAN READER.—We know nothing of the Company to which you refer, and think you would do better by sticking to the better-known companies. We will make some inquiries and answer again next week.

H. C. H. (JOHANNESBURG).—We have done as requested.

THE PREMIER OIL AND PIPE LINE COMPANY—IMPORTANT AMALGAMATION.—The shareholders of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company (Ltd.) have agreed to the amalgamation scheme at an extraordinary general meeting. The scheme provides for the amalgamation of important interests in the Galician oil industry, and the increase of the capital of the Company to £3,750,000. Mr. E. T. Boxall, who presided at the meeting, explained that by the new arrangement the Company will possess four refineries with a capacity of 170,000 tons of crude oil annually, in working order, and capable with moderate initial outlay of producing 75,000 tons yearly in addition; for which the Company will be able to realise full market price, estimated to bring a net profit of £198,333. The purchase-price of the refineries and adjacent territory is £1,144,125, payable as to £869,000 part in cash, part in Preference shares, and the acquisition will benefit Ordinary shareholders to the extent of £117,832.

The Difference

There is a remarkable difference between all kinds of ordinary paint and

RIPOLIN PAINT

Whenever you have any painting done—indoors or outdoors, on woodwork, stone or metal—insist on the painter using "Ripolin."

Remember that it costs as much to apply an inferior paint as a good one. Reject substitutes; Ripolin is the best, gives the best results, lasts longest. It is free from objectionable smell.



Will you write for full particulars, Booklet S, and specimen treatments, sent free of cost?

RIPOLIN, LTD.,
35, MINORIES, LONDON, E.C.

"A House Ripolin-ed is a House Beautiful."

INSECT BITES ARE AVOIDABLE

as well as **CURABLE** by using

"SANITAS" FLUID

Neither MIDGES, FLIES, MOSQUITOS, nor GNATS will attack you if you use 'Sanitas' Fluid
FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON EVERY BOTTLE.

ARE YOU TROUBLED WITH FLIES?

If so, use—

1/- bottles **"SANITAS-BACTOX"** 5/- gallon

It is a well-recognised fact that flies breed only in decaying organic matter, such as manure heaps and pits, dustbins, garden and refuse heaps, &c., and by treating such collections with "Sanitas-Bactox" (1 teaspoonful, diluted with 2 pints of water) three times a week, all the worry and danger can be eliminated.

Here is Proof:

HOUSE FLIES AND WASPS.—"Replying to your correspondent, 'Badger,' my house used to be swarming with these abominable pests (as the stables are situated quite close to the dwelling) until last July, when I obtained from the 'Sanitas' Co., Ltd., a preparation they call 'Sanitas-Bactox.' I used to sprinkle my manure pit two or three times a week with this, diluted 1/250, and during all this hot, dry summer the stables have been comparatively free from these disease-spreading creatures. It proved a complete success."

(Extract from the *Field*, Nov. 14, 1911.)

Write for sample and full instructions to—

THE "SANITAS" CO., LTD., LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.

No Underwriting Commission has been or will be paid on the present issue of Debenture Stock.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies

The LIST OF APPLICATIONS IS NOW OPEN, and will CLOSE on or before WEDNESDAY, the 19th instant.

THE MOLASSINE COMPANY, Ltd.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

Capital - - - - £200,000.

DIVIDED INTO

100,000 Seven per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each	£100,000
75,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each	£75,000
50,000 Deferred Shares of 10s. each	£25,000

£200,000

The whole of the Capital of £200,000 has been issued and is fully paid.

ISSUE OF £50,000 FIVE PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE STOCK

(Part of an authorised total issue of £75,000).

ISSUE PRICE 96.

The issue price is to be paid as follows:

On Application	10 per cent.
On Allotment	25 "
On the 1st day of August, 1912	25 "
On the 2nd day of September, 1912	36 "
	96

Payment in full on allotment, or on the date when the first instalment falls due, may be made under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

The Stock will be secured by a Trust Deed creating, in favour of the Trustees for the Stock Holders, a specific First Mortgage of the Company's Leasehold Property at Greenwich and a first floating charge on the general undertaking and assets of the Company. The Trust Deed will reserve to the Company power to issue further Stock up to £25,000 (ranking *pari passu* with the present issue of £50,000), making a total of £75,000; but the Company will not be at liberty to create any mortgage or charge ranking in priority to or *pari passu* with such £75,000 Stock, except with the sanction of an Extraordinary Resolution of a meeting of the Stockholders held in accordance with the provisions of the Trust Deed.

The Trust Deed will contain a covenant by the Company to provide every year after the year ending 31st March, 1914, the sum of at least £3000 (whether the whole of the £75,000 Stock shall have been issued or not), and apply the same in the redemption of Stock by purchase at or below 105 per cent., or by drawings at 105 per cent. All Stock so purchased or redeemed will be cancelled. At 105 per cent. these provisions will extinguish Stock equal to the amount now issued within eighteen years from the 31st March, 1914.

The Company also reserves the right at any time after the 31st March, 1920, on giving six calendar months' notice, to pay off the Stock then outstanding, or any part of it, at 105 per cent.

The whole of the £75,000 Stock (whenever the balance may be issued) not previously redeemed will be repayable at 105 per cent. on the 31st March, 1934, or on the security becoming enforceable before that date, and, in the event of a voluntary winding-up for amalgamation or reconstruction, the Stock will be repayable at the same rate.

The Stock will be issued and will be transferable in multiples of £1.
Interest will be paid half-yearly on the 1st October and 1st April in each year, the first payment being calculated on the instalments as from their due date of payment.

Registered Stock Certificates will be issued immediately after the 2nd day of September, 1912.

TRUSTEES FOR THE STOCKHOLDERS.

THE LAW DEBENTURE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 41, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C. DIRECTORS.

BENJAMIN HORTON (Chairman), 38, Hyde Park Gate, S.W., Gentleman.

ARTHUR WILLIAM LIVINGSTONE, 104, Bloom Street, Manchester, Merchant.

WILLIAM ALBERT OWSTON, Langley House, Langley, Bucks, Gentleman.

JOHN PROSSER (Managing Director), "Glenview," Coleraine Road, Blackheath, S.E.

BANKERS.—PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, 77, Lombard Street, E.C., and Branches.

BROKERS.—JOHN PRUST and CO., 37, Throgmorton Street, and Stock Exchange, E.C.

SOLICITORS TO THE COMPANY.—REDFERN, HUNT, and CO., Dauntsey House, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C.

SOLICITORS FOR THE TRUSTEES FOR THE STOCK HOLDERS.—BIRCHAM and CO., 50, Old Broad Street, E.C.

AUDITORS.—COOPER BROTHERS and CO., Chartered Accountants, 14, George Street, Mansion House, E.C.

SECRETARY.—ALBERT E. SMITH.

REGISTERED OFFICE.—TUNNEL AVENUE, GREENWICH, S.E.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company was incorporated in February, 1907, for the purpose of acquiring the business of the Molassine Company, Limited (being the original Company bearing that name), and since that time it has been engaged in manufacturing and developing the sale of "Molassine" Meal, Dog Biscuits, Poultry Foods, and feeding stuffs generally.

Large sums have been expended by the Company in advertising its goods, with the result that they have become known throughout the United Kingdom, and "Molassine" is now a household word amongst users of feeding stuffs and dog and poultry foods.

Although imitations of the Company's goods have been produced, the Company has been able to increase its trade, as is proved by the fact that for the year ended 31st March, 1912, its turnover is largely in excess of that for the previous best year since its incorporation.

In addition to the business in "Molassine" Meal, which is suitable for cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, deer, and other animals, the Company has during the last three years established and developed a large business in dog and poultry foods.

The money to be raised by the present issue is required to pay off loans, and to provide means for further development of the business.

The result of the trading of the Company for the four years ended the 31st March, 1912, is set out in the following certificate of the Company's Auditors—

14, George Street, Mansion House, E.C., 24th May, 1912.

To the Directors of THE MOLASSINE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Dear Sirs,—We have recently inspected the Books and Accounts of your Company, and find that the Profits for the four years to 31st March, 1912, after making the necessary adjustments between the several years, and before charging Income Tax, Interest on Borrowed Money, the expenses of issuing Capital, and £1201 9s. 6d. (balance of loss on Investments outside the business), but after deducting from the profits all outlay on the Dog Biscuit Development Account, were as follows—

For year ended 31st March, 1909	£13,372 1 7
" " " 1910	15,049 14 10
" " " 1911	17,689 18 7
" " " 1912	18,500 16 8

Yours faithfully, COOPER BROTHERS and CO., Chartered Accountants.

The maximum amount required in any year to pay the interest on the present issue is £2500, which is covered more than seven times over by the profits for the last year.

Messrs. Douglas Young and Co., Surveyors and Valuers, of 51, Coleman Street, E.C., have valued the Company's Leasehold Offices and Works at Greenwich, which are to be specifically mortgaged, together with the fixed and loose machinery, plant, and tools, and other items, and a copy of their valuation is set out below.

To the Gentlemen of THE MOLASSINE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—In accordance with your instructions, we have inspected the Leasehold Riverside Property at Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, comprising Office Buildings, Factory, Stores, Jetty, and land, together with the whole of the fixed and loose plant, machinery, tools, utensils, furniture, and fittings thereon, and we value the same in their connection with the business of the Company now carried on upon the premises as a going concern, as follows—

The Leasehold Property, held for a term of 80 years, from the 25th March, 1910, at a ground rent of £250 per annum, and subject to the payment of £54 per annum to the Port of London Authority for Jetty and other River accommodation	£39,544
Fixed and loose Machinery and Plant, Tools and Utensils	30,976
Furniture and Fittings	1,945
Motor Vehicles, Horses, Carts, Hulk, and Barge	3,237
Total value	£75,702

Yours faithfully, DOUGLAS YOUNG and CO.

The assets of the Company, as at 31st March, 1912, are shown in the following table—

	£	s.	d.
Leasehold Offices and Works	39,544	0	0
Fixed and loose Machinery and Plant, Tools and Utensils	30,976	0	0
Furniture and Fittings	1,945	0	0
Motor Vehicles, Horses, Carts, Hulk, and Barge	3,237	0	0
Cash at Bankers and in hand	1,415	7	4
Bills Receivable	2,188	4	0
Sundry Debtors and Debtors' Balances (less Reserve)	58,822	15	5
Shares in other Companies	209	0	0
Stocks (including Live Stock), Show Stands and Advertising Material, as certified and valued by Managing-Director	24,584	13	4
Freehold Poultry Farm and equipment and Freehold Land at Twyford. Cost up to 31st March, 1912	2,975	6	0
	£165,897	6	1

In addition to the above-mentioned items, on the 31st March, 1912, the following stood as Assets in the Books: Goodwill, £110,940 1s. 4d.; New Trade Marks, Patents and Copyrights, £302; Dog Biscuit Development Account, £10,142 19s. 3d.

The introduction into the business of the proceeds of the present issue will further strengthen the security of the Stockholders.

On the 31st March, 1912, apart from Share Capital (£200,000), Reserve Funds (£31,500), and Balance to the credit of the Profit and Loss Account (£9000), the total liabilities of the Company amounted to £32,765 12s.

During the last two years the Company has issued 25,000 Preference Shares of £1 each, at a total cost, including commissions, of £636 1s. 8d.

In order to comply with the requirements of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, the following extracts from the Articles of Association are set out—

Article 14.—"Subject to any arrangement made on any increase of capital, and subject to the power hereinafter conferred upon the Directors of setting aside out of the net profits of the Company such sum as they think proper as a general reserve fund, and subject to the provisions herein contained in regard to the remuneration of the Directors and Managing-Directors, the profits of the Company made during the financial year or other period comprised in the accounts submitted to the Ordinary General Meeting in each year, and which it shall be determined to divide in that year, shall be applied in order of priority and manner following:—First: To the payment of a Cumulative Preferential Dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum on the capital for the time being paid up on the Preference Shares. Secondly: To the payment of a dividend for such period at the rate of not exceeding ten per cent. per annum on the capital for the time being paid up on the Ordinary Shares. Such dividend shall be payable as regards each such period out of the profits of such period and not otherwise. Thirdly: To the formation of a Capital Reserve Fund until the same shall reach the sum of £25,000. Fourthly: The residue shall be applied towards payment of a dividend on the said Deferred Shares."

Article 80.—"On a show of hands every member entitled to vote who being an individual is present in person or being a Corporation is present by proxy, shall have one vote only. In case of a poll, every member holding Ordinary or Deferred Shares shall have one vote for every Ordinary and Deferred Share held by him; but the Preference Shares shall not confer on the holders the right to notice of or to attend or vote either in person or by proxy at any General Meeting, unless the Meeting is convened for reducing the Capital or winding up or sanctioning a sale of the undertaking or altering the regulations of the Company or unless the proposition to be submitted to the Meeting directly affects the rights and privileges of the holders or the dividend thereon is in arrear for more than three months."

Article 134.—"If the Company shall be wound up, the assets remaining after the payment of the debts and liabilities of the Company and the costs of liquidation shall be applied—First, in repaying to the holders of the Preference Shares the amount paid up on their Preference Shares respectively; Secondly, in repaying to the holders of the Ordinary Shares the amount paid up on their Ordinary Shares respectively; Thirdly, in repaying to the holders of the Deferred Shares the amount paid up on their Deferred Shares respectively; and the balance (if any) shall be divided as to 50 per centum among the holders of the Ordinary Shares in proportion to the number of such last-named Shares held by them respectively, and as to 50 per centum among the holders of the Deferred Shares in proportion to the number of such last-named Shares held by them respectively."

Draft of the Trust Deed constituting and securing the Stock, copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, the original Certificate of the Company's Auditors, Messrs. Cooper Brothers and Co., and the original valuation of Messrs. Douglas Young and Co., before referred to, can be inspected at the Office of the Company's Solicitors.

A brokerage at the rate of one-quarter per cent. will be paid by the Company on allotments in respect of applications bearing a broker's stamp.

Application will in due course be made to obtain a Special Settlement and Quotation on the London Stock Exchange for this issue.

Applications for Stock must be made in multiples of £1, on the form below or that enclosed with the Prospectus, accompanied by a remittance of the deposit, which should be sent to Parr's Bank, Limited, at 77, Lombard Street, E.C., or any of its Branches.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Company's Offices at Greenwich, and at 28, Mark Lane, E.C., and from the London Office and all Branch Offices of the Company's Bankers, as well as from the Company's Solicitors and Brokers.

If the whole amount applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the sum payable on allotment. In the case of an applicant to whom no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full. Failure by allottees in payment at the due date of any instalment will render the allotment liable to cancellation and the previous payments to forfeiture.

London, 13th June, 1912.

This Form may be used, and should be sent, with remittance for the amount payable on application, to PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, 77, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches.

THE MOLASSINE COMPANY, LIMITED.

ISSUE OF £50,000 FIVE PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE STOCK (PART OF AN AUTHORISED TOTAL ISSUE OF £75,000).

To the above-named Company. Gentlemen,—Having paid to your Bankers, Parr's Bank, Limited, the sum of £..... being a deposit of £10 per cent. on £..... of the above-mentioned Debenture Stock, I request you to allot me that amount of such Debenture Stock upon the terms of your Prospectus dated the 13th day of June, 1912. And I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller amount that may be allotted to me, and to pay the balance of the Issue price, viz., £86 per cent., by the instalments provided for in the said Prospectus.

Name (in full).....
Address.....
Description.....
Signature..... Date.....

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THERE are many wonderful things in "The Women of France," at the Lyceum, and they are just the kind of wonderful things the Lyceum wants. The most ecstatic frenzy is produced in the audience by a lavish expenditure of gunpowder fired off by the maid-servant of the Duc de Brissac in defence of his ancestral home against the fury of the Revolution. They used modern rifles and wasted good deal of powder upon the wall of the kitchen; but such little things as that do not matter. The rest of the play is a series of thrilling adventures, in each of which either the Dauphin or the Duke or the Duke's daughter makes a marvellous escape from the Republicans, who kindly display all the amazing stupidity required to enable the escapes to be carried out. A little more rotundity of voice in the actors would be an improvement, but Mr. Henry Lonsdale and Miss Nora Kerin proved very popular; Miss Mary Glynne was a pleasant little Dauphin; and the humours, which were of the simplest kind, were in the hands of Mr. Herbert Williams and Miss Nellie Kelsie.

The revival of "Oliver Twist" at His Majesty's was greeted so enthusiastically that the cynical might see in the reception signs of a reaction against the Shakespeare Festival. In reality, of course, the applause was earned by the acting, which was at an extraordinarily high pressure. Perhaps this was right. The play, "a thing of shreds and patches," serves very well for some melodramatic acting, and it is not good that very close attention should be paid to the drama itself. Sir Herbert's Fagin has been worked up a good deal, and now is quite a remarkable piece of acting, presenting a non-human creature with considerable skill. Work as Bill Sikes and Nancy in the States has not improved the style of Mr. Lyn Harding or Miss Constance Collier; still, their energy and sincerity combined to make them a most impressive couple, and their efforts were very heartily appreciated. Mr. Basil Gill seemed a little stiff as Harry, but Miss Alma Murray is charming as the old lady. The super-melodramatic Marks was quite cleverly played by Mr. Philip Merivale.

The Irish National Theatre Society worthily maintains the reputation of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. The plays chosen for the first week were the popular works, "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" and "The Playboy of the Western World," interesting and remarkably able plays that have passed out of the range of criticism. In the first-named, Miss Sara Allgood's performance was even more

finely poetical and imaginative than it used to be; whilst there is no loss of merit in the admirable work of Mr. J. A. O'Rourke and Miss Eileen O'Doherty. In "The Playboy of the Western World" Miss Eithne Magee played Miss O'Neill's part of Seegen very cleverly and with considerable charm, whilst Mr. Fred O'Donovan and Mr. Arthur Sinclair acted their old characters with irresistible humour, and Miss Allgood once more showed her versatility by her clever and amusing presentation of the Widow Quinn.

With the holiday season at hand, our lady readers will be requiring something to protect their face and hands from the effects of exposure to the sun, sea-water, etc. One of the most famous emollients for this purpose, popular in all parts of the civilised world, is Messrs. Beetham's La-rola, which not only prevents the injurious effects of the sun, wind, hard water, etc., but acts as a tonic and food to the delicate skin-tissues. La-rola is sold at a price to suit all pockets; and to enable our readers to test this, Messrs. Beetham and Son, the proprietors, will send, post free, on receipt of three penny stamps, a dainty box of samples containing a bottle of "La-rola," tube of tooth-paste, packet of toilet-powder, also rose bloom, and a cake of deliciously scented toilet-soap. Applications should be addressed to M. Beetham and Son, Cheltenham.

Messrs. Finnigan, of 18, New Bond Street, have enlarged their premises by opening a new trunk show-room. Here may be seen all the latest and best methods for packing clothes and preserving them from damage by crushing during transit. The Cupboard Motor-trunk, which is specially made to fit the back of the car and rest on the grid, is the most practicable way of transporting one's luggage and keeping both trunks and clothing absolutely free from dust, damp, or dirt en route. The opening of this special department has enabled a larger space on the main floor to be devoted to the display of the thousand-and-one exquisite articles of all kinds which will be found of particular interest during the wedding-presents season.

It is announced by the Brighton Railway Company that in connection with the motor races at Dieppe on the 25th and 26th, they will issue week-end tickets to Dieppe, available for return up to and including the night service of Wednesday, the 26th. The first-class fare is only 30s. Passengers going over on the nights of the 24th and 25th will be allowed to remain on board at Dieppe until about 6.0 a.m. For the Grand Prix de Paris, the Brighton Company will issue on June 28 and 29 cheap fifteen-day tickets to Paris at 39s. 3d., first-class; 30s. 3d., second-class; and 26s., third-class.

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

The
LARGEST
STOCK IN
LONDON

Write for
Catalogue
sent
post free.

WOLFE & HOLLANDER

252-256, Tottenham Court Road
(Oxford St. End) London.



"I dare do all that may become a Tailor,
Who dares do more is none."
(With due apologies to the Bard of Avon.)

W. EVANS & CO.

287, Regent Street, W. (A few doors from Oxford Circus.)

Select Stock of Materials always on View for Home, Colonial, and Foreign Wear at Economical Prices, compatible with Best Work.

The "Regent" Morning Coat (as illustration),	from £2 15 0
Cashmere Trousers	1 1 0
The "Regent" Evening Suit	6 6 0
Country Suits	3 3 0
Town Lounge Suits	3 15 0
Semi-Riding Breeches	1 1 0
Shooting and Riding Coats	2 12 6

"Pall Mall Gazette": "Messrs. W. Evans and Co., 287, Regent St., W., have quite a reputation for turning out clothes of the best materials and style, but at prices considerably less than those usually charged by West End tailors."

Patterns, with Fashion Booklet, post free. Perfect fit guaranteed either from our easy self-measurement form or by sending garments as a guide for size.

FOUNDED NEARLY 30 YEARS.



NO SOAP - NO BRUSH - NO CUP

You will find shaving a luxury if you use

EUX-E-SIS

A delicate demulcent cream which softens the hardest beard and enables you to shave in half the time with twice the comfort. It leaves the skin smooth, soft, and free from irritation.

EUX-E-SIS and a razor—that's all! Invaluable to travellers and motorists.

CAUTION—Ask for Widow Lloyd's Eux-e-sis at Chemists or Stores, and observe signature of "Aimée Lloyd" (Widow of A. S. Lloyd) in Red across labels. Refuse any other.

A Tube of EUX-E-SIS, sent post free, for 1s. 6d. by C.O.

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors,
AIMÉE LLOYD & CO.,
23, PANTON STREET,
LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, S.W.



Not to be Winked At: A Summer Study.



THE GLAD EYE - OF OTHER DAYS!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

FROM A MASTER'S NEEDLE: AN ETIENNE ETCHING.



SLIGHTLY BOYISH: "THE LADY WITH THE RAISED SKIRT."

From the Dry-Point by Adrien Etienne; Published by the Maison Devambez.

FROM A MASTER'S NEEDLE: AN ETIENNE ETCHING.



FRANKLY FEMININE: "THE LADY IN THE CLOAK."

From the Dry-Point by Adrien Etienne; Published by the Maison Devambez.

Fresh as April, Sweet as May: English Beauty.



"IS SHE NOT MORE THAN PAINTING. CAN EXPRESS?" MRS. ERIC LODER (MISS GABRIELLE RAY).

PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD.

Fresh as April Sweet as May: English Beauty.



"OH, SHE IS FAIRER THAN THE EVENING AIR": MISS PHYLLIS DARE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD.

WHEN THE BROOK IS LOW: THE NYMPH OF THE STREAM.



"TIS THE SUMMER PRIME, WHEN THE NOISELESS AIR
IN PERFUMED CHALICE LIES,
AND THE BEE GOES BY WITH A LAZY HUM,
BENEATH THE SLEEPY SKIES:

WHEN THE BROOK IS LOW, AND THE RIPPLES BRIGHT,
AS DOWN THE STREAM THEY GO;
THE PEBBLES ARE DRY ON THE UPPER SIDE,
AND DARK AND WET BELOW."

ON A SUMMER'S DAY: THE SUNSHINE OF EVERY HOUR.



"WHERE OPENING ROSES BREATHING SWEETS DIFFUSE,
AND SOFT CARNATIONS SHOWER THEIR BALMY DEWS;
WHERE LILIES SMILE IN VIRGIN ROBES OF WHITE,

THE THIN UNDRESS OF SUPERFICIAL LIGHT;
AND VARIED TULIPS SHOW SO DAZZLING GAY,
BLUSHING IN BRIGHT DIVERSITIES OF DAY."

Photograph by Kate Smith.

“Mid Song of Birds, and Insects’ Murmuring.”





THE BUSY BEE!

DRAWN BY W. BARRIBAL.

THE SEA-BIRD OF MAN'S MAKING: BEAUTY AND SPEED.



*"O'er the glad waters of the
Dark blue sea."*

"A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA,
A WIND THAT FOLLOWS FAST,

AND FILLS THE WHITE AND RUSTLING SAIL
AND BENDS THE GALLANT MAST."

Photograph by Kirks, Cowes.

SWANS OF THE SUMMER SEAS: WHITE-WINGED BEAUTY.



*"The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd."*

"MERRILY, MERRILY GOES THE BARK
ON A BREEZE FROM THE NORTHWARD FREE;

SO SHOOTs THROUGH THE MORNING SKY THE LARK,
OR THE SWAN THROUGH THE SUMMER SEA."

Photograph by West and Son, Southsea.

Fresh as April, Sweet as May: English Beauty.



"SHE MOVES A GODDESS, AND SHE LOOKS A QUEEN": MRS. IAN BULLOUGH (MISS LILY ELSIE).

PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD.

Fresh as April, Sweet as May: English Beauty.



"UPON HER EYELIDS MANY GRACES SAT": MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD.

A BLOSSOM ON THE TREE OF LIFE: YOUTH.

FOR SALE



"BY DEGREES
THE HUMAN BLOSSOM BLOWS, AND EVERY DAY,
SOFT AS IT ROLLS ALONG, SHOWS SOME NEW CHARM."

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph by Bassano.

SUNSHINE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER: CHILDHOOD.



"THE TEAR DOWN CHILDHOOD'S CHEEK THAT FLOWS
IS LIKE THE DEWDROP ON THE ROSE;

WHEN NEXT THE SUMMER BREEZE COMES BY,
AND WAVES THE BUSH, THE FLOWER IS DRY."

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph by Bassano.

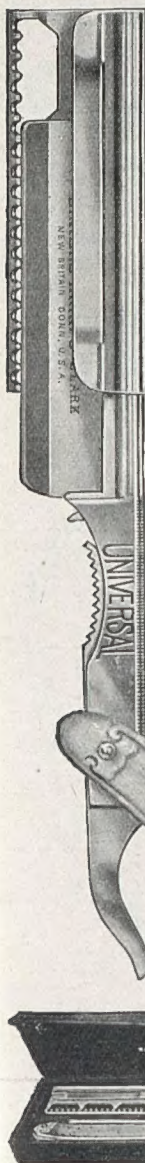
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DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



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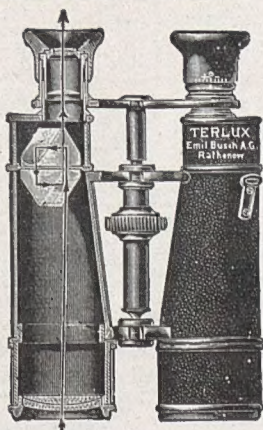
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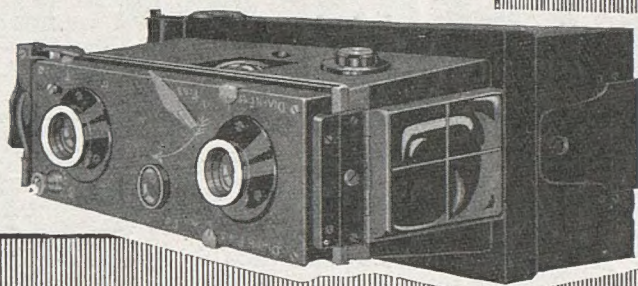
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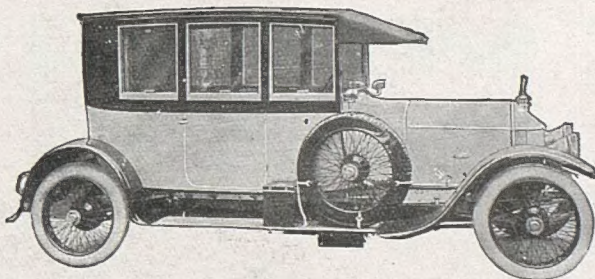
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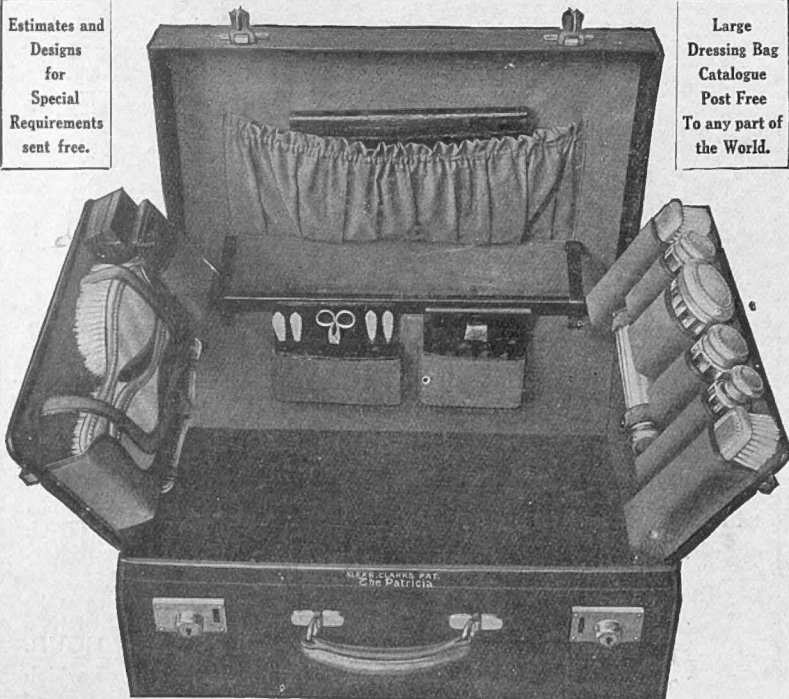
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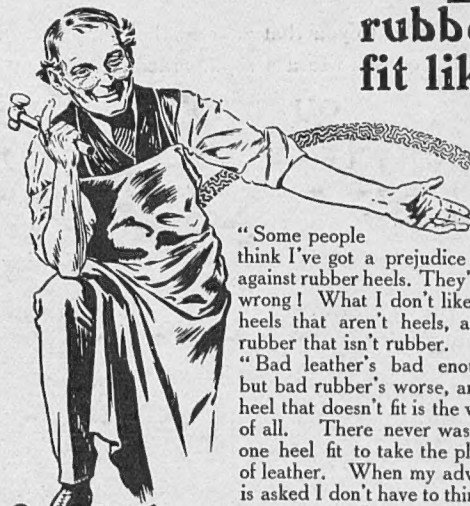
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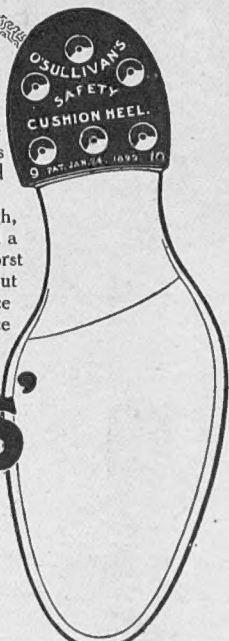
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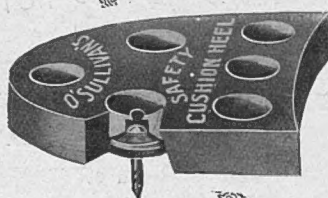


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